

# THE CHILD AT HOME

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

VOL. X.

JANUARY, 1869.

NO. 1.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.



## KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

Rap, rap, rap! Ah! I know what you are at. You mean to get the start of those cousins and uncles and aunts in wishing them a happy New Year. Well, do your best. Look out, and not say Christmas instead of New Year. But why doesn't somebody come to the door? Perhaps they all know what you're about; and they may come stealing around outside of the house, and catch you, after all.

Rap, rap, rap! Don't be impatient. Let the January breeze have a New-Year's frolic by pinching your cheeks, and reddening them a little. Shall I tell you what you make me think of as you stand there knocking and waiting?

You seem to me to be knocking at the door of a

new year, and wondering what will meet you when the door opens; and you are allowed to go slowly through the hours, days, and months, and see what good things God has laid up for you there. "Say, New Year, what have you for me? Are you going to make me happy? Shall I be a good child? Shall I live through the year? and will my dear parents and all my other friends be spared to me? Have you any new friends for me? Have you any thing for me to do? — something that will make others happy and good? Oh! tell me now, New Year: are you going to bring me any troubles? I wonder what they will be. I wish you could tell me. Can't you open the door just a little, and let me have one peep into the future?"

I don't think you'll get an answer to all your questions; but there is a verse in the Bible which says

to you about Him who ordained the years, and gave you life, "IN ALL THY WAYS ACKNOWLEDGE HIM, AND HE SHALL DIRECT THY PATHS"

There is another thing that you make me think of. Do you remember what Jesus said about knocking? "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." He spoke as if there was a door to salvation and heaven. We knock at this door by prayer. Wouldn't it be a dreary thing to go to a house where no one was at home, and knock, knock, knock, on the door, and wait in the cold, hoping in vain for some one to come and let you in? Perhaps it would be still worse if you knew the folks were all at home, and enjoying themselves, and heard you knock, and still would not let you come in. Jesus will not treat you so. He loves to have you come to him. He will not keep you waiting. He says, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Will you not come and spend this year with him as Jesus' little friends?

But hark! While I've been talking, the door has opened; and how the "Happy New Years" fly from mouth to mouth! Who can tell which is first? But they all seem satisfied; and I hope they will all have their wish.

For the Child at Home.

## LILY'S VISIT TO THE CITY.

Little Lily, from whose country home each morning and evening ascended the voice of prayer and praise, was visiting with her mother, in the city, another home, where those holy sounds seldom fell upon the ear — a home of elegance and refinement, where dear cousins caressed and petted her; where friends loaded her with Christmas-gifts, and did all in their power to make the little one happy. And she was happy, and grateful for their heartfelt love and costly presents. Still something was wanting: she could not "think out" just what it was; but there was an empty place in the long, bright days, a void unfilled, a sweet habit not to be indulged in here. What could it be?

The mother noticed the wistful, pleading eyes, and read the little heart so open to her. She knew why, at each meal, the white, plump hands *folded themselves*, and the blue eyes drooped a moment, only to be raised again in astonished disappointment. She knew, too, how much of joy and homelike comfort the quiet hour alone, morning and evening, brought to the wondering child; but she did not know how strong a hold these holy hours had upon her child's heart, until one day she whispered, her voice tinged with sad pathos, —

"Don't the people know how to pray in cities, mamma?" The Sabbath came, and the childlike question was answered, and the anxious heart relieved.

But, one day, our Lily had gone down to dinner, and seated herself quietly at table beside her cousin.

The little hands had not forgotten to fold themselves; for the mother had explained to her that God could hear the silent thanks as well as the utterance of the voice.

That day, a dear old grandpa was there; and her auntie waited for him to ask the blessing that was his habit also. As the sweet, familiar words reached Lily's ear, and rested on her heart, they stirred the waters of memory and love, and brought before her mind the country home, the dear father she so longed to see, and, more than all, the heavenly Father she had loved all her short life. The words were spoken, the low "Amen" went whispering up like holy incense, and the business of dinner began; but Lily had not raised her head, the hands were tightly clasped over the eyes, and the swelling sobs were rising rapidly.

"Why, Lily, child! what's the matter?" went round the table; for these were the first tears that had dimmed her eyes since leaving home.

The mother knew the secret, and turned the conversation, giving her time to recover; and her own heart rejoiced that her child could not, amid unaccustomed splendors, forget those holy feelings that prompt the beautiful words uttered before eating, and hoped the conscience might always remain tender, and the love warm and overflowing, through all the years of her life.

If we strive, dear children, to keep our hearts right before God, there are a thousand incidents and occasions that will remind us of him, and be a guard about us to shield from error and sin; and, if we form early habits of prayer, all the allurements that meet us, all the gay scenes and fleeting pleasures of life, will only serve to bring us nearer that dear heavenly Father who leads us all in love, and who gives, with these vanishing pleasures that we so gladly grasp, joys eternal and unfading, a crown of glory, and a home of perfect, unending happiness.

H. K. P.



For the Child at Home.

#### GIVING AND TAKING COMFORT.

Six poor children were made happy, last Christmas, by being invited to the house of a kind woman in our city. One of her own flock had died in summer, and Christmas was a sorrowful reminder of the missing one.

Yet the mother would not sadden the others. She was only more intent that they should love the Lord, and be ready for his call.

"I must make the Christian life joyous to them," she had said. "I must train them into the knowledge that to be Christ's children is to have joy and freedom and active pleasure."

So she had taken them with her, some weeks before, into a lane of the city, and invited six ragged children to a Christmas-supper. She had learned their needs, and made it a great reward to her own Mary and Ruth and Harry to help in buying and

making jackets and gowns and aprons for the little destitute ones. She had said to Harry,—

"Now, dear, we can't expect you to sew; but still we need your help. You know these poor things have not much idea about the meaning of Christmas. You shall learn how to tell them the whole story in an interesting way. I will give you my globe, and you shall find where we live, and where Christ was born; and you can play taking the children on a long voyage to the Holy Land, and then tell them all about what happened there."

So Harry, full of the importance of teaching, had studied his Testament and his "Peep of Day," and made ready his part of the entertainment. And now the time had come, and the little wondering guests found themselves in what seemed to them a paradise. First they were taken up stairs, and clothed in the nice warm garments which Ruth and Mary had helped to make. They laughed for joy at the change. Then they were brought into the dining-room, and fed with nicest biscuits and cakes and apples. Harry and Ruth sat at the head and foot of the table, as host and hostess; while mamma and Mary were stationed midway. Mamma asked God to bless them. How grand and how happy were the children all!

When supper was over, Harry said, "Now please come into the sitting-room."

The children followed him into another warm, soft-carpeted room, with surprise.

"How wonderful and rich the lady is!" whispered one poor little boy.

"Now see here," said Harry, when they had looked about a while: "here is the globe. Did you know the world is round, Tommy? Well, it is round. This globe is just the shape of it." So Harry went on as his mother had taught him, and made believe take a sail in a big ship over the seas to the Holy Land.

"Can I wear my new gown?" asked one little girl seriously.

Then they landed at Joppa, and rode up on horses to Jerusalem, and so on to Bethlehem. And Harry told them how Christ came down from heaven to be born there, a poor child in a manger, where the oxen fed. He told it in many simple, boyish words, such as made his mother's eyes fill with happy tears, and such as the children could understand. They listened as if entranced.

"Such a bu-ter-ful story," said one when Harry had finished.

"But the best of it is," said Harry's mother, "that it is all true. It is because Christ was born in Bethlehem that we keep this Christmas Day. It is because we are so glad he came to save us that we wanted you to come and hear about him, and enjoy it too." She told them also how Christ went back to heaven, where he can hear our prayers; and then she and her own children sang with the piano the

"Hush, my babe! lie still, and slumber."

Such awe-struck yet delighted faces did the others wear, that Harry, turning round to see, broke down once in a peal of joyous laughter.

"It is so very nice to have them so good and happy, mother," said Ruth, "that I wish we could have them here another time." And it was settled that they should come again to hear a story from little Ruth, and another hymn. They went home with a pleasant hope, as well as a pleasant memory, and left Harry and his sisters (happier than any Christmas had ever made them before) to receive their own little gifts next morning.

Their mother had already received her gift,—an inward heart-rest from the Lord, the surest comfort in sorrow. It is the certain reward of forgetting self in active effort for Jesus' sake and for others' good.

Genesee.



For the Child at Home.

#### PULPIT LILIES.

"How beautifully the flowers looked on the desk to-day!" said little Framees on her return from church one bright Sabbath noon.

"Which of the three bouquets did you like most?" asked her mother in reply.

"I like the one with the large scarlet cactus best," said Grace. "Oh, it was so shiny and bright, with its long, white, silky stamens lying along on the beautiful scarlet!"

"And the large basket was very handsome," said Viola. "The rich crimson dahlias, and the yellow-centered scarlet verbenas, and fuchsias, and zinnias, and carnation-pinks, and the rich vine of Madeira-plant winding among them, and then creeping along up the standard of the gas-burner so gracefully!"

"The very sweetest of all to me," said Frances thoughtfully, "was the small round basket of white lilies in their bed of green. Now, which did you like best, mother?"

"I liked them all; but I should say, with Frances, most of all I liked the pure, snowy lilies. It would have marred the effect if one colored flower, however beautiful, had found its way among them. They were most beautiful. I went to church tired and weary: when my eye rested on that basket of lilies, their large, open bells seemed fitting censers swinging out a perfect perfume of praise to God. 'Consider the lilies,' Jesus said; and the words never seemed more precious than as I looked at those pure flowers this Sabbath morning. 'Arrayed like one of these?' No, indeed! Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Good and noble as he was, there were some stains of sin upon him. One could hardly look upon those snowy flowers, and not offer the prayer in his heart, 'Oh to be pure as a lily!' Let us open our hearts more fully to Christ; for He who has the power to make a lily has the power to make 'scarlet as snow,' and 'crimson as wool.'

"The lilies fold their delicate petals with the night-fall; for they are frail as beautiful: but we, if we are washed and made pure in Christ's blood, shall have an endless life when he shall present us faultless before the presence of his Father with exceeding joy. Then shall we be found pure as a lily, 'without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.'"

J. P. B.

For the Child at Home.

#### LEGENDS OF SOLOMON.

The people who live in the Holy Land have many curious legends about the characters of the Old Testament. They relate that at one time the Queen of Sheba sent to King Solomon a troop of boys dressed like girls, and of girls dressed like boys, to see if his wisdom would discover the deception. This he did by observing them when they washed their faces; the boys washing with both hands, while the girls used but one.

At another time, this queen sent him bouquets of natural flowers and bouquets of artificial flowers precisely alike, and required him to tell the artificial from the natural without touching them. This he did by bringing a number of bees into the room, and noticing upon which flowers they lighted.

She also once sent him a diamond, to be strung upon a thread without breaking the diamond or making a hole in it. Solomon caused a very small worm, with a thread of silk attached to it, to pass between the fine particles of which the diamond is made. They believe, that, in reward for this, Solomon gave the mulberry-tree to the worm for its home and its food for ever after.

Of Solomon's "knowledge of birds and animals," they say that he could talk with birds as well as with men ; being able to understand their language as well as he understood his own, and admiring the beautiful proverbs which the birds were always repeating to one another. Over his throne he kept always a canopy, or curtain of birds. He caused doves to live in the Temple, and could multiply them by the touch of his hand ; so that he often walked from the Temple to a distant part of the city under the shadow of the wings of doves.

The Bible tells us that Solomon "spake of beasts, and of fowls, and of creeping things, and fishes;" and it is probably upon the fame of this great wisdom that these stories are founded.

It is hard for us to realize, that, in the land where all the scenes of the Bible took place, the people have no Bible, and know nothing of it except as the missionaries have carried it there, and have taught the few who were willing to learn. There, still, are the plains where Abraham pitched his tent and watched his sheep, while Sarah baked the cakes for his supper. There, still, are the mountains, with the very caves in their sides, into which David fled to hide himself from Saul. There is the same Jerusalem which Solomon made so glorious in the time when his wealth was so abundant that "silver was nothing accounted of."

But the people who now feed their flocks on the plains, and who walk upon the mountains and through the streets, know nothing of these men, or of the God whom they loved. The "lilies of the field" spring every year, and cover the ground with their scarlet blossoms ; but the people have never so much as heard of Him who said, "Not Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like one of these."

Perhaps there are some little bright eyes reading this which will one day go and teach these people; and perhaps there are some little bright pennies in some little pockets that might be going now, so that the eyes need not wait to find themselves looking out from a tall man or woman before they begin to do good.

Little Ray.  
For the Child at Home.

# THE RED PEPPERS.

In a basket of seeds and vegetables that had just arrived from the country was a string of bright-red peppers, which immediately attracted the attention of James Anthon, a boy of four years, who had come in with his mother while I was unpacking the basket.

"O mamma," he exclaimed, "what shining red

things! How very pretty they are! May I have them to play with, mamma?"

"They are not playthings, my dear," she answered; "neither are they good for little boys. Besides, they are very hot."

James opened wide his big black eyes. "Hot, mamma? Why, there is no fire;" and, reaching out a chubby finger, he softly touched one of the peppers, as though he feared it might burn him; exclaiming in a triumphant tone, "There, mamma, the pretty red thing is cold! May I not hold it in my hand one little minute?"

Now, I am sorry to say that James, like a great many little boys and girls I know, loved to have his own way; and it was very hard for him to give up any thing that he had set his heart upon. So he

smarting as though they had been plunged into the fire, and big tears were rolling down his cheeks. Suddenly he stuck both fists into his eyes, and then, with a howl of pain, threw himself into his mother's lap, crying out, "O mamma, how it hurts! how it burns! O mamma! can't you do something to take away the naughty pain?"

I got a basin of cold water, and dipped into it a soft linen cloth, which I laid again and again upon his flushed and swollen face and burning hands; his mother telling him, that, another time, he must remember she knew better than he did what a little boy ought to do, and that now he was punished for being disobedient, and for persisting in having his own way.

I did not see James Anthon for several years after that little adventure,—not till he was a tall, manly-looking lad. I asked him if he had forgotten the red peppers. He blushed scarlet, and turned toward his mother with a tender smile. She answered for him: “I am happy to say he never has forgotten them; and whenever he has attempted to have his own way, and to set up his will against mine, I have said, ‘Red peppers, James,’ and he has instantly given up.”

## For the Child at Home.

## LITTLE ALECK'S PRAYER.

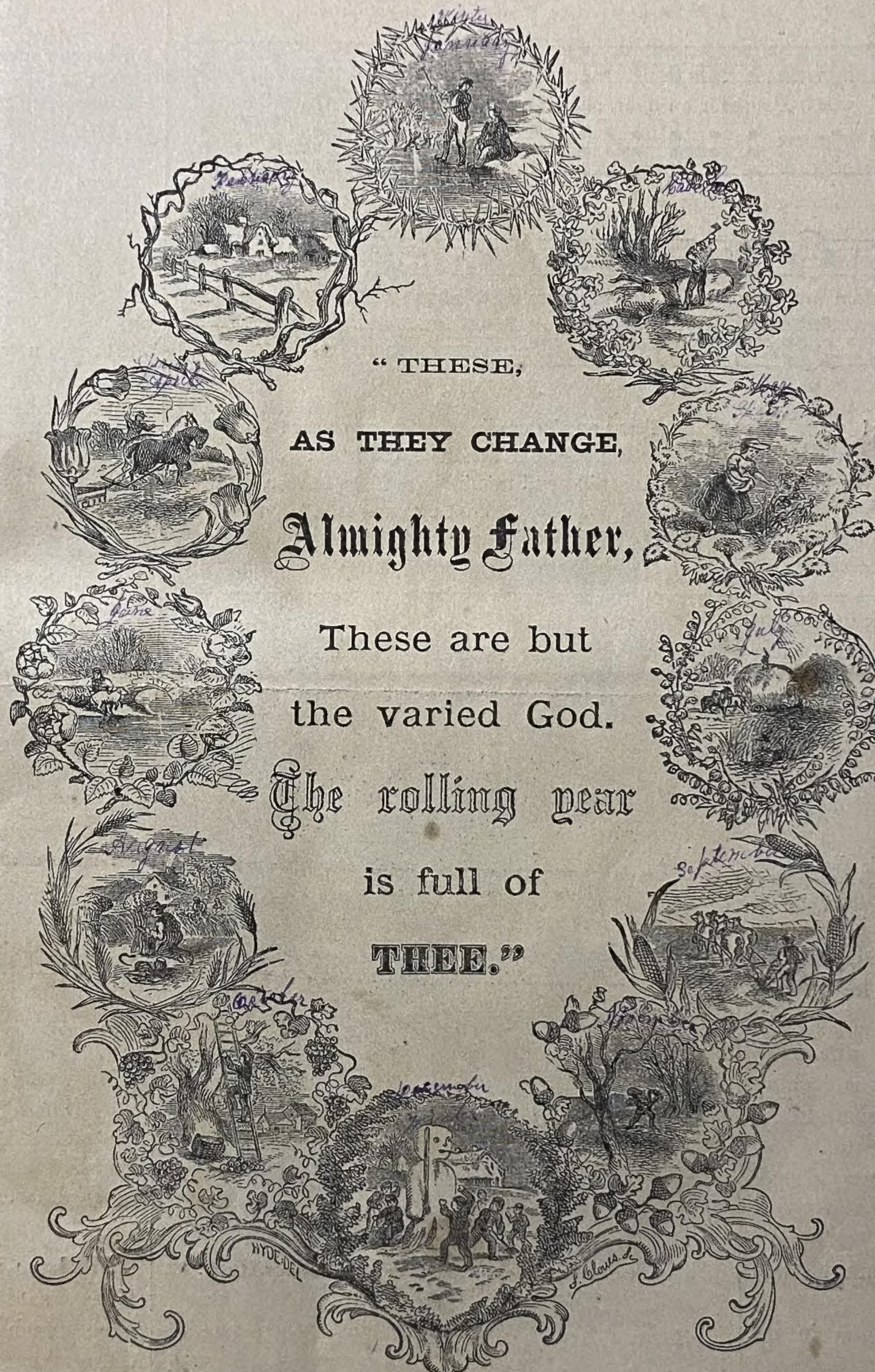
The place where little Aleck went to Sunday school was not at all like the pleasant, well-furnished room where you, dear reader, meet your teacher every week. No maps hung on the walls. No nice library was there. The children had no hymn-books: and they were all in one large class; for they had but one teacher. He was a good man, who had been pained to see many little black children at play in the streets on the Sabbath, who seemed to know nothing about the command “to keep it holy.”

He could find but one place for them; and that was an old, empty building, once used for a store-house. Some rough, unpainted benches, and one chair, the teacher's Bible, and a few picture-papers, were all they had to begin with. If it rained, they could have no school; for the roof leaked so, that little streams began to run all over the floor, and the children's clothes were wet. Not that their clothes were so very nice; but they were all they had: and one soon forgot the bare feet and patched trousers in looking at the shining

black faces, and bright, wondering eyes.

At first, there were only children; then their fathers and mothers began to come in to see the "kind gemman," and hear his stories. And so a large school of all ages and sizes was gathered,—lame old men, all broken down with hard work on plantations; and young women with white aprons, and gay handkerchiefs around about their heads; little yellow boys and girls who jabbered French, and some with such queer names! There were Napoleon Bonaparte and Jemmy Polite, Stonewall Jackson and Seremantha Jane Ann. Near Aleck sat a great, stout boy named Eve, and a bashful girl of four years called Noah's Ark. Many could not read, and some had never heard a word from the precious Bible.

But it was a good Sunday school. Shall I tell you why? They were all, big and little, old and



persisted in begging for the red peppers. "Oh, if you would give me one,—just one little 'teenty, tenty one,' mamma!" he said in a coaxing tone. On his mother telling him it would burn his fingers, he gave a quick laugh, saying, "How can a cold thing like that burn me?" Then she explained to him that they were hot in themselves; and that, if he got any of the pepper on his hands or his face, it would smart terribly, and he would quickly find out what she meant when she called them hot.

And so the subject was dropped. I was called from the room, and Mrs. Anthon was busy with her sewing; when all at once I heard a loud scream from James. He had slyly crept up to the table, and had taken possession of one of the scarlet playthings he had so long been coveting, and was speedily finding out, to his bitter cost, what his mother meant when she called them "hot." His plump little hands were





VOL. X.

FEBRUARY, 1869.

NO. 2.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.



OH! the winter is beautiful, with the pure white snow wrapping the trees and shrubs in a downy covering, and hiding beneath a fleecy carpet the dark ground.

Never mind if all the bright flowers and most of the green leaves are gone. God has left us the fir tree and the pine and the box to make the place of his feet glorious. And some of our pretty birds stay by, chirping around door-step and window-sill, and perching on the branches here and there. The little snow-birds twitter cheerily as they hop about, picking up the crumbs that we love to scatter for them.

Our kind heavenly Father has so cared for these little creatures, that they feel no chill through their warm, feathery robes; and, although their feet are

apparently bare, they are not touched by the frost, as ours would be if we were to step upon the snow without shoes or stockings. How good God is to every thing that he has made!

Our snow-birds build their nests in colonies, and are very social; but the "bunting," that inhabits Lapland and Greenland and the northern regions of the earth, makes its home by itself in the cleft of some rock. I like our own little pets the best; they seem so familiar and social, and put such trust in man, coming almost to eat from his hand.

Our pity is lost if we take the snow-bird into the house, and cage it as we would a canary. Better let it be out in the free, cold air, where God has designed to have it dwell.

Do you recollect reading about the old, old woman who used to feed the snow-birds every day; and when

they were so tame as to hop inside the window, and perch upon her hand, she opened a seam in the bed, and put them among the feathers, thinking to keep them warm, and so they were smothered? We can excuse her because she had lost her reason, and could not tell a real from a mistaken kindness.

I want to show you something better to do than to bring the snow-birds from their natural place into a heated room, where they can be fed from your fingers.

I saw a poor little girl to-day out in the cold, selling papers. She was standing upon the icy walk with naked feet; and over her head was a small ragged shawl pinned; and her dress was of cotton, and very thin. She shivered for want of comfortable clothing, and would quite envy the snow-bird his warm coat, and even the crumbs that he eats; for she was hungry as well as cold. It would be very nice if she could be taken into some house where the fires burn brightly, and could toast her little pinched feet, and have a plate of good food set before her by some dear child whose heart and face are loving and earnest toward all of God's poor.

I believe, that, if little boys and girls are thoughtful of a bird that seems to need protection, they will be almost certain to remember the little human creatures that are suffering in the outside cold, and will spare something of the warmth and cheer that God has given them to comfort and help a poorer brother or sister in our heavenly Father's great family.

F. B. S.

For the Child at Home.

#### HAPPY IDA.

Little Ida is hopping about the room, clapping her hands, and looking as happy as happy can be.

"I'm so glad, I'm so glad!" she says, looking up into my face. What makes Ida so glad? Has some one given her a new doll with pink cheeks, curly hair, and eyes that will open and shut? No: that is not it. Well, perhaps she has a new dress or shoes, or a new hat trimmed in bright, pretty ribbons. But no: the little girl shakes her head. You have not guessed yet.

It may be that she is going with her little playmate, Cora Porte, into the woods to gather leaves and mosses for sister, or down by the river to pick up the pretty shells and pebbles. No, no, none of these things. Well, Ida must answer for herself.

"I'm so glad," the little girl says again, "so glad, that to-day is Saturday! and it will only be a little while before Sunday will be here."

"But do you really love to have Sunday come, Ida?"

"I guess I do," the little girl answers with emphasis: "for then I can go to Sunday school, and see my teacher; and I do love her so! She tells us the *nicest* stories; and the songs we sing are *so* sweet! I like to see the children too; and I'm always so glad when we get our papers! The pictures are *so* pretty! and the stories are *so* easy, that I can read them myself. Then I like to drop my penny into the mis-

## THE CHILD AT HOME.

sionary-box. I'd a great deal rather do that than to spend it for candy. Oh, I like Sunday so much!" And the happy little girl hops away, still clapping her hands, and singing, "I'm so glad, so glad, that Sunday is almost here!"

N. H. H.



For the Child at Home.

## SISTER MAY.

How could the weary house-mother  
Ever get through the long day,  
How could the children be happy,  
If it were not for dear sister May?  
Up like a lark in the morning,  
Singing so gayly and clear,  
Scattering smiles like the sunlight  
Every day in the year.

Reading the Bible to grandma;  
Helping the boys with their sums;  
Coaxing the little twin-brothers  
Awhile from their banners and drums;  
Meeting the father at nightfall,  
After his wearisome day,  
With a kiss and a whisper of welcome:  
That is our dear, thoughtful May!

Crooning a lullaby softly  
Till mother and baby both sleep;  
Tenderly watching beside them,  
Vigil of love she doth keep;  
Hearing the wee ones at nightfall,  
As lowly they kneel down to pray:  
Light of our home is the sister,  
Beautiful, dutiful May!

May has a Friend who sustains her;  
Ever who stands at her side;  
Still in her meekness ma'ntains her;  
Guards her from anger or pride.  
Early to Jesus was given  
All the sweet bloom of her heart;  
And the joy of the kingdom of heaven  
Was hers when she chose the good part.

Busy and bright is our darling:  
Happy and merry and gay:  
Ah! but the house would be darkened  
If she were taken away.  
Mother and baby would miss her;  
Children be sad at their play.  
Father in heaven, oh, bless her,  
Guard her, the dear sister May!

M. E. M.

For the Child at Home.

## LITTLE HARRY.

## A LETTER FROM MRS. WHEELER.

Would you love to hear about a little missionary boy who lived near the River Euphrates, which you know was one of the rivers that ran through the garden of Eden, where Adam and Eve were once very happy?

The people who live where the land of Eden used to be are very wicked now. Harry's papa and mamma went to this land to teach these people about Jesus, and tell them how they might be happy once more.

Little Harry was the third little child that came to this happy home; but, soon after he was born, his little sister Fannie was taken sick of measles, and died, and was buried in the little missionary cemetery, beside several other little children who lay there.

Harry's brother Willie was still left to play with him; and he delighted to get upon the bed, and play with his tiny baby-brother. But Willie said one

day, "Mamma, I want to go to heaven, and see Fannie." Did the angels hear him? We can not say: but, in a few days, Willie was with Fannie in heaven; and in tears his papa and mamma followed him to the little cemetery, and laid him beside Fannie; then with sad steps came back to their desolate home, and pressed little Harry to their hearts, thanking God that he was spared.

Soon Harry began to laugh, and his pretty sparkling black eyes were full of fun and joy, which brought gladness to the hearts of his parents.

When he was eight months old, he went to Constantinople to see his maternal grandfather, who was a missionary in that big city, and for more than thirty years had told the wicked people about Jesus. His grandfather took him in his arms, and blessed him, just as Simeon did the infant Jesus. He had hoped to see Willie and Fannie; but he knew they were better cared for by the blessed Saviour, who said, "Suffer the little ones to come unto me."

After a few months, Harry returned to his home; but, on the way, he with his parents was shut up in a very unhealthy city (for they had been where cholera raged, and were thus compelled by the authorities to go into quarantine), where he caught fever and ague. For several years, he was often very sick, and we feared that he would go to be with his brother and sister; but he became strong and well, and improved every day in knowledge and loveliness. One day, he came to me, and at his mamma's request recited these pretty words from the "Songs for the Little Ones at Home": —

"I love to do as I am bid;  
I love to please mamma;  
I love to get my lessons too,  
And spell to my papa.

When children want my pretty toys,  
Or little picture-book,  
I dearly love to give them up,  
And see how pleased da look."

Little did I think then that little Harry was saying that sweet hymn to me for the last time. But so it was, for soon the ocean rolled between us; and one day a letter came, telling me he was dead.

Then I thought of those last words, —

"And see how pleased da look."

I could repeat the last verse of that hymn: —

"He loved to please the Saviour too,  
And mind the rule he's given;  
And now I think that he has gone  
To live with him in heaven."

Little Harry's papa started one morning for a long tour among the villages, to tell the people about Christ. Harry went down to dinner with his mamma, and seemed very happy. After he finished his dinner, he asked for an almond. His mamma gave him one, and turned to go up stairs, when a sharp cry from Harry brought her quickly to his side. What she feared was true. Little Harry had drawn a piece of the almond into the windpipe, and was in danger of strangling.

She called a missionary who was near. The good native physician came; and in a short time Harry seemed relieved, but still the almond had not been removed.

This was Friday. His papa was sent for, and came to find his little boy very sick. He lived until Wednesday noon, often in very great agony, which caused his papa to ask God, if it was his will, to take him quickly home to heaven. Once Harry said, "Please to ask Jesus to help little Harry." Once he sang, with a friend who came to see him, —

"Come to Jesus just now."

During the intervals of agony, he would talk of heaven and Jesus; and said he was willing to leave papa and mamma, and go to live with Jesus and his brother and sister and the other missionary children in heaven.

His mamma writes, "The house is *strangely silent*. Our heavenly Father has reached down, and

taken our darlings; but we would not call them back. Heaven is growing more beautiful."

Yes, dear children, do we not all feel that "heaven is growing more beautiful" by the addition of the beautiful little ones who are called to go up there? The poet says, —

"Around the throne of God in heaven,  
Thousands of children stand, —  
Children whose sins are all forgiven, —  
A happy, holy band, —  
Singing, 'Glory, glory to God!'  
In highest strains."

HARPOOT, TURKEY.

S. A. W.

For the Child at Home.

## THE BASKET-CARRIAGE.

I wonder if you would ever have thought of so novel a thing.

Poor colored Betty lives a mile away from the village. She has little twin baby-girls, and nobody to look after them but herself.

She is often obliged to go from home to get and to return the clothes which she washes and irons for the city people who have their summer residence in the country. What to do with the tiny helpless creatures while she is performing this errand was a great puzzle to her for a while. Do you remember the old proverb, "Necessity is the mother of invention"? Betty proved it well as she set her wits to work to contrive a plan, and brought about this result: Two wheels, a cross-piece running from one wheel to the other; a tongue, with a small, round wooden bar at the end by which to draw the thing; and a bushel-basket slung under the center of the cross-piece.

Into this basket she put an old soft comforter, and upon this she placed her babies. The horse was not lacking; for a mother can readily transform herself into a beast of burden for her children.

The little things were delighted with the new vehicle, and crowded and laughed as their patient steed drew them back and forth over the road.



The people stopped their gay equipages as they met this strange contrivance, to see the little woolly heads bobbing about in the basket. Everybody was attracted not only by the pretty bright-eyed creatures that peeped up at them from the deep nest, but by the patient, happy mother, who plodded along with glad steps and a cheerful face, looking around now and then to give a smile and a nod to her babies.

Sometimes she loiters by the way to pick gay flowers for them; and they hold them in their little hands, and shake them at her as she goes. It is beautiful to see the speckled lilies, and the white

daisies, and the sweet pink wild roses, waving from the rude carriage. I am not sure but it is a prettier sight than the costly phaeton that often passes it with crimson lining and heavy fringes, and the occupants decked out in the most fashionable attire. Indeed, I love better to look at the poor colored woman's rough invention; for it speaks to me of a warm, motherly heart, that would do and dare any thing for the children that God has sent for a blessing and comfort upon the earth. And as for Betty herself, why, she never dreams of envying the owner of the gay phaeton. Not she, indeed! She would not exchange her odd-looking carriage, with its pretty curly-headed inmates, for the queen's coach without them.

Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

#### THE RESURRECTION-PLANT.

I wonder if any of my young readers have ever seen the "resurrection-plant." It is not one of our common garden-plants, which may be seen any day, but is brought from the distant State of California. At first sight, you would think it nothing more than a dead, dry root, and would be for throwing the worthless thing out of doors. But wait a moment, my dear little friend: not quite so hasty. Take that ugly-looking root, place it in water, and gradually you will see rich, deep-green leaves coming out; and, in the course of two or three days, you will find, that, instead of a worthless root, you have a rich, beautiful plant.

As I entered the cheerful room of a young invalid, the other day, the first thing that attracted my attention by the bedside was this curious plant. It was in the process of unfolding its leaves; and, while one part of the plant still remained dead and lifeless, the other part was clothing itself with life and verdure.

"How beautifully," thought I, "has this curious plant been named! and what pleasant thoughts it is calculated to awaken in the mind of this patient sufferer!"

What an emblem is this of our poor, weak bodies! We all must fade away and die. Even little children are often called to suffer. The little feet that once were active sometimes grow weak and weary, the busy little hands leave their play, and the merry voice becomes hushed in death. It may be, my dear little reader, that you have seen your darling baby brother or sister laid away in the grave, or perhaps have been called to say farewell to a precious father or mother; and you have wept as you have seen the hands crossed so cold and still upon the breast, and have thought that loving voice would never speak to you again. But, little one, dry up your tears; for that body shall live again. At the last day, when "the trumpet shall sound," that body shall arise; no longer the weak and sickly body that was carried down to the grave, but a body full of new strength and beauty. God shall give to each a body as it shall please him: and we know that that body will be fair and beautiful. The grave, then, need never make us unhappy or afraid; for Jesus has gone there before us, and has filled the tomb with brightness.

You remember, when, at early dawn, the women, trembling and fearing, approached the gloomy sepulchre, they found the entrance guarded by a bright and shining angel; and so will each one who loves the Saviour find, as he approaches the silent grave, that not an angel, but Jesus himself, stands at the door, gently saying to every timid, shrinking one, "I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

For the Child at Home.

#### ELLA'S REASON.

A little girl said to her mother one day,—  
"Mamma, I love you."

The mother was so busy with her work, that she did not notice the little prattler. The child saw that she would get no answer; and presently she said again, "Mamma, I love you."

But the mother, all absorbed in her own cares, still paid little heed to her darling; and again, in very earnest tones, the sweet child said, "Mamma, I do love you."

This time the mother looked up, and said, "But why do you think so, my child?"

"Because," said Ella, "I love to do all I can to please you."

It is in just this way that we may know whether we do in our hearts love God. Jesus says to us, "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you."

Little Ella not only obeyed her mother, but she loved to obey her. If we really love God, we shall love to do those things which he asks us to do.

We shall not want to grieve the dear Saviour by disobeying any of his commands.

N. H. H.

I have no doubt we shall see a good many more names of children that have not fully learned to write. They will be very precious.

The Savings-Bank has received more than this. Next month, you shall know how much was put in during the month of December.

You remember what the bank is for. It is to send out little Christian books and tracts and papers to children and others, to lead them to love the Saviour. Any child sending fifty cents or more will receive the certificate, with his name and the amount written in it. If you send your name written by yourself, it will be put in the "Child-at-Home" Autograph-Album. If you send less than fifty cents, your name will be put in the album; but there will be no certificate. If, by and by, what you send amounts in all to twenty dollars, then you will be made a life-member of the American Tract Society, and will have every year, as long as you live, a dollar's worth of books and tracts, which you can lend or give away, and get good from by reading yourself.

Now I will repeat what your friend wrote who first proposed this to you: "Perhaps what you put in may send a heavenly word to some one who will read it and begin to love Jesus, and meet you up in heaven by and by."

For the Child at Home.

#### THE WAY THAT MAY AND ALICE "MADE UP."

For several mornings, Mrs. Morton had noticed that something went wrong with her little May. She seemed happy as usual at the breakfast-table; but, when school-time drew near, she became restless. She got her hat and cape long before the hour, and stationed herself at the window, looking up the street as if waiting for the time; yet, when it came, she went reluctantly, as if she had no heart to go.

"Why don't you start, May, if you are all ready?" said her mother, one morning, when this performance had been repeated so many times as to awaken her curiosity.

"I don't want to go yet," was the reply. "Perhaps Alice Barnes will call for me."

But, when there were only ten minutes left, May hastened away alone with a troubled face. She came home at noon sadder than she went.

"What does grieve the little girl?" asked her mother, as she came into her room looking the picture of despair.

"O mother!" said May, crying outright at a kind word, "you don't know!"

"Yes; but I want to," said Mrs. Morton. "Perhaps I can help you."

"No, ma'am," said May: "nobody can help me. Alice Barnes and I—we've always been such friends! and now she's mad with me."

"What makes you think so?" asked her mother.

"Oh, I know so! She always used to call for me mornings, and we were always together at recess and everywhere. I wouldn't believe it for the longest while; but it is a whole week since she called for me, and she keeps away from me all the time."

"Now I know what Alice has done, dear, can you think of any thing you did?"

"Why, mother Morton! No, indeed! I don't need to think. I haven't done a thing. I thought too much of Alice." May cried again at the bare idea.

"There, dear, don't cry. Perhaps you haven't; but you must not be discouraged till you have



#### THAT CERTIFICATE.

Two months ago, one of the friends of the children, who loves to see children's money come into the Tract House, told you that there would be a beautiful certificate for those who send in fifty cents or more to the "Child-at-Home" Savings-Bank. Now look, and see if it is not beautiful. And don't you think that the idea of using money for doing good is more beautiful than any picture? You know how pleasant it is to receive presents: what do you think, then, of the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive"?

If you like giving, and if you like doing good, I hope we shall hear from you.

And we have heard from some of you already. The first deposit was made by Master Albert B. Graham, who lives at Astoria, N.Y. We received it by mail, Dec. 8. It was one dollar: a good beginning indeed. He wrote that he meant to send enough to be a life-member of the American Tract Society, which he thought he could do in three years. I hope he will persevere. It does a boy good to look ahead, and keep working for a good object.

That very day, in the afternoon, we received another dollar from Master Earl B. Ferson. This name will be the first in the "Child-at-Home" Autograph-Album, because, although his mother wrote the letter, he sent his name printed by himself with a pencil. It did all of us good to see it; and I am going to show you exactly how it looked. Here is a copy made by our artist:

Earl B. Ferson



# THE CHILD AT HOME

VOL. X.

MARCH, 1869.

NO. 3.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.



For the Child at Home.

## WHAT FOR?

LITTLE Mary Sullivan stood by the center-table in their snug, bright parlor away down South, in the city of Savannah, watching her mother arrange a traveling needle-case she held in her hand. Mary was an observant child: her quick eye caught sight of every thing that was passing. This was certainly well enough; only that it led to another practice, which was not always convenient or agreeable. She wanted to know the reasons for all she saw; and the two little questions, "Why?" and "What for?" were always at her tongue's end. Her mother sometimes became very weary of this ceaseless questioning.

Father however, liked it. Perhaps because he

wasn't with the child all day; and, when he came home from his office at night, the prattle of the little girl entertained him. Besides, he was a lawyer; and therefore it was his daily business to inquire into the whys and wherefores of things: and perhaps he fancied this disposition in Mary was a mental likeness to himself; and that pleased him. However that was, he took great pains to have the child's questions answered. He often told her, that when she asked merely out of curiosity about affairs which did not concern her to know, he should not answer her; but, if the question was a key to unlock any useful knowledge, he would spare no pains to reply.

This evening, he was busy with his newspaper; when Mary, who had been watching her mother for some minutes in silence, began:—

"What are you putting needles and thread in there for, mamma?"

"I am going away, Mary, you know, to-morrow, to Washington; and I shall need them."

"What are you going there for, mamma?"

"To attend the inauguration."

"The inauguration? What is that?"

"The President enters upon his office on that day," answered mother.

"Well, what of that?"

"It is an occasion of great interest. There will be throngs of people there; and there will be speeches and music and various ceremonies."

"Why, mamma? Tell me why."

Mrs. Sullivan turned to her husband, who was by this time smiling behind his newspaper. "That ceaseless why!" said she.

"Mary, pet, come to me," said papa. "Let me tell you all the whys. Mamma is tired, I guess, and busy; and I have nothing to do."

He lifted her on his knee, smoothed back her curls, and began a little discourse, which I only wish all our boys and girls could have heard; but, as they could not, I will try to tell them a portion of it. It was in the year 1865, when our dear President Lincoln — whom I hope none of you have forgotten or ceased to love — was about to enter upon his second term of office. The country was in a sad, distracted condition; the war not yet ended; millions of freed people, whose fetters had suddenly dropped off, still unsettled; and every one was looking with deep anxiety at the course of events. It was a time when the meaning of patriotism was being studied, and when parents all over the land were teaching lessons of loyalty to their little ones. Mr. Sullivan was a true lover of his country; and, though his lot had been cast at the South, he had never participated in the Rebellion. He had suffered the loss of all things rather than lift his hand against the government which he considered so wise and good. But all he had seen and endured had made him more enthusiastic in his devotion to it, and made him feel more and more that every man, woman, and child under it ought to be taught their duty as good citizens, and urged to do it. And this was what he now tried to impress on the mind of his little girl.

"Mary," said he, "ours is a people's government; and therefore every one feels an interest in what is going on in the country, especially when a new president is to be elected or inaugurated. The president is the head of the nation. He is chosen by the people from among themselves to lead or direct our national affairs. Do you understand?"

"Yes, papa: he is a kind of king, isn't he? only they don't call him so."

"No: he is not a king. Listen while I explain to you the difference. A king comes to his power by succession; that is, when one dies, his oldest son takes his place, and so on, and on: so that the

kingly power is kept in one family sometimes for hundreds of years."

"Yes, I know, because I have read about David and Solomon, and all those. But, then, isn't the king a woman sometimes?—like Victoria, you know, papa."

"Sometimes there is no son, and then a daughter takes the throne, and is called a queen; or perhaps a brother's daughter may be the nearest relation, as was the case with Queen Victoria. Her father was the brother of the last king; but her father was dead, and so she came to the throne. But, now, see how different: Our chief ruler is just one of us. Perhaps he was just a poor boy, who had to educate himself, and work his way up in life through many difficulties. But that is all the better if he is good; for this prepares him to feel for the people, and to be kind and just in ruling them. Now, Mary, can you tell me what our form of government is called?"

"No, papa. Tell me, and I will remember."

"This nation is a *republic*, or commonwealth; which means that the public affairs are a common interest with the people. All can have something to say about them and about the officers or rulers. Now, what is a nation called which is governed by a king?"

"I don't know, papa: is it kingdom?"

"Yes, or monarchy. It is a one-man power. The people have nothing to say about the public affairs, only to do as they are bid; and therefore kings have usually found an ignorant people the easier to be governed. You see, the more they know, the more unwilling they are to obey, unless they know the commands of the sovereign to be right and reasonable. But here the case is very different. As every one has something to say and do about public affairs, it is highly important that every one should be educated to some extent; at least, should be able to read and write."

"Why, papa?"

"Don't you see? That they may become good citizens. A good citizen must be able to read, first his Bible, that he may learn what is right and what is wrong; and, secondly, good books and papers, which will tell him about the men of his times, and of what is going on in his own and other countries. Then this will set him thinking, and he will see what the people need, where their dangers lie, who are their friends, and who their enemies. This is the reason that we have public schools all over the country, where even the poorest children can be taught. There is not a country in the whole world where such pains are taken to educate the common people. This, too, is why good people in our great cities form industrial schools, which take in mostly the very poor emigrant children,—the Irish, Germans, and others who have come here to settle, and who are by and by to help to govern the country. And this is the reason, too, why so many good folks have come from the North to teach the freed people. See, Mary, what a great number of freed men, women, and children there are here at the South,—four millions and more,—who have been slaves, but are now to be made into citizens; and, if they are to be good citizens, they must be educated."

"Oh, I see it, papa!" said the little girl, her eyes and cheeks aglow with feeling. "And every one of them ought to go to school,—every one."

"Yes, every one: for by and by they, too, are to help choose our rulers and to make our laws; and they must learn how."

"But there's poor Chloe's children, papa: they can't go. She is so poor, she needs them to help her. Susy has to mind the baby while her mother is out washing; and Pete always goes along to bring the water, and help in other ways. What can they do, papa?"

"She must try to send them, dear. If she can't just now, she will perhaps by and by."

"Papa," said Mary slowly, as if she was trying to

manage some great idea, "I could teach them. Couldn't I teach them? Why couldn't I?—just those two? Why, I know I can, papa," she continued, her voice brightening as she went on. "I can go up to Chloe's house every afternoon after my lessons, and I can teach them to read myself. I will, papa: now you see if I don't."

"Ask mainma, darling, first."

"But I know she'll say yes. She likes to have me do good: and that will be doing good; won't it, papa? If I can make those two into good citizens, it will be doing something for my country; won't it, papa? But then—but then—Susy's only a girl, papa: and girls can't be citizens; can they?"

"Yes, indeed," said papa, smiling: "women are a very important part of our people; for you know, if they don't have any thing to say directly about public affairs, they can talk to their husbands and sons, and can help them to think and judge rightly about them. Little girls will one of these days be the wives and mothers of our people; and so it is necessary that Susy should be taught as well as Pete."

Mary's plan was not all moonshine. She carried it out. With mother's consent, she undertook the task, and persevered in it too. I have not time to tell you now how she managed it; but it was done.

One day, Aunt Effie found her with her two little dark-skinned pupils, pointing out to them the letters of the alphabet, and asked her with surprise, "Why, Mary! what are you doing that for?"

"Auntie," said she, "don't you know? I am trying to make Pete and Susy into good citizens."

H. E. B.



For the Child at Home.

#### "GOD IS LOVE."

Look at dear "Golden-Hair"!  
Papa takes his little hand,  
Tracing with praise and prayer,  
Heartfully, "GOD IS LOVE."

Where think you, children, it is  
Golden-Hair now doth sing  
'Jesus is mine, I'm his,'  
Chirruping "GOD IS LOVE"?

What mean the palms of praise  
Holden in dimpled hands,  
Woven with glory's rays,  
Waving forth "GOD IS LOVE"?

Whose are those walks of light  
Where roam the beauteous feet  
Fair to the angels' sight,  
Pattering "GOD IS LOVE"?

Lo! little "Bright Eyes" there,  
Nestling to Jesus close;  
Lo! little "Golden-Hair,"  
Whispering "GOD IS LOVE."

J. W. C.

For the Child at Home.

#### "MY MOTHER'S CHARM."

In one of the streets of Boston, a gentleman observed a fine-looking boy, about seventeen years of age, in company with an older young man, coming out of one of the large and elegant drinking-saloons with which the city abounds.

The lad was readily recognized. He belonged to one of the best families in the State. His mother worshiped her darling and beautiful son; for he was the idol of his happy home. Here, then, was the beginning. The innocent youth had been led by his bad companion to enter a drinking-saloon, and, for the first time in his life, to partake of intoxicating drink. That dear youth loved his mother; and, when he was with her, he was always guided by her wishes, and was in all respects an obedient and affectionate son.

The circumstance made a deep impression on the mind of the gentleman; and he was exceedingly anxious to contrive some way to *continue that mother's influence* under all circumstances, whether at home or abroad. He thought, if he could only induce him to please his mother by promising never to do any thing which she would not approve, he would be safe.

In order to save this son, and to perpetuate the power which a mother's presence always has, he invented a little silver charm about the size of the thumb-nail. On one side are the words, "I will never do any thing of which my mother will not approve;" on the reverse, "My mother's charm."

This precious keepsake is for mothers to give to their sons and daughters, obtaining from them the promise that they will always wear them.

The experiment has been tried, and in all cases with the happiest results. It is worth more to a child than money or a farm. It has been found that a conscientious youth with the "mother's charm" will never partake of the intoxicating cup, or be found with a cigar or pipe in his mouth, or using profane language.

The sacred barrier made by a Christian mother's love will continue a protection against the temptations which beset the young long after the mother shall have passed to her reward.

For the Child at Home.

#### BEAUTIFUL LIGHTS.

No VI.

"Do you remember of whom I told you last, Edith?"

"Augustine, the boy who was converted because he stole the pears."

"Not because he stole them; but this did seem to add to the bitterness and sincerity of his repentance."

"There was another man of nearly the same name,—Augustin,—who lived over a hundred years later, and who, although perhaps not so perfect in character, did a great amount of good by his zeal in endeavoring to spread the Christian religion."

"He was sent to England by Gregory the Great, with several others, to introduce the Christian religion among the Anglo-Saxons, in the year 597. The Britons had been a Christian nation; at least, had a knowledge of the true religion among them, long before: but they had been conquered and cruelly treated by the Anglo-Saxons, and did not feel disposed to do much toward turning them from paganism. Gregory the Great had once seen some of these noble-looking Anglo-Saxon youths exposed for sale in a Roman mart; and on learning that they were brought from England, where they were destitute of all religious advantages, he resolved to go himself to that country to carry them the knowledge of Christ. He was prevented from this; but, after he became a bishop, he sent Augustin, with several others, to do the same work."

"On their journey, some of these persons became

alarmed at dangers which seemed to threaten them, and obliged Augustin to return, and beg of Gregory that the expedition might be given up."

"What did Gregory say?" asked Edith?

"He urged them to go on. He told them it was better not to begin a good work, than, when begun, to give it up; and that great labor would be rewarded by great results. So Augustin went back; and he, with forty others, landed on an island called Thanet, east of Kent, and from there sent word to the king why they had come to his country."

"Did the king receive them kindly?"



"He was willing to hear their story, but would only talk with them in the open air, for fear they would use some magical influence upon him if permitted to come under his roof. He was convinced by the words of Augustin that they were sincere, and had only come to him for good. He furnished them a dwelling, and means of support, at his capital; and told them they were at liberty to convince as many as they could, and baptize such as believed in their religion. On one Christmas festival, more than ten thousand were baptized."

"Of course, this great success filled Augustin with joy; and Gregory, in letters to him, while he expresses his own joy, reminds him to be humble, and remember that it is the work of God. He reminded him of the danger of pride in his work, and held up to him the example of Moses, who, after having done so much for God's people, was not himself allowed to enter the promised land. 'This I write to thee,' he adds, 'that I may exhort thee to humility; but to humility thou must join a confident trust in God.'

"It is singular to notice, that notwithstanding the great numbers he received by profession of faith, notwithstanding the great good he accomplished in introducing the Christian religion into a pagan country, he yet failed, by this very want of meekness, in gaining much power over the Britons. He held at one time a council with the bishops of the nearest British province, but found the Britons not ready to yield to his control. They then consulted a pious hermit about the matter; and he told them 'they might follow Augustin if he was a man of God.'

"But how shall we know?" they asked.

"If he is meek and lowly in spirit," said the hermit.

"And how shall we prove this?" The hermit told them, when next they met together, to allow Augustin and his followers to enter first; and if, upon their entering, he rose to meet them, they should acknowledge him as Christ's servant. The trial was accordingly made; and Augustin, failing to offer this

token of humility and respect, was refused by them as a spiritual leader.

"He accomplished great good in England, no doubt, but far less than he would if he had had what the old hermit rightly judged one very important qualification of a true Christian,—meekness of spirit. He died in the year 605."

"You have not told me of any faults in the other 'beautiful lights,'" said Edith.

"They no doubt had faults, but were lights still. We are more deeply pained always by seeing faults in those who profess Christ than in others who do not; feeling a little as you do because Augustin was not perfect. Let us take example from occasional dimness in lights that burn brightly most of the time, and be careful to keep the oil of grace in our own lamps, lest they flicker and grow dim if they do not entirely go out. But the light Augustin bore to Kent extended on and on after he was dead, from Kent to Northumberland, and so on to all the provinces of the Anglo-Saxons."

"I must tell you, before I stop speaking of Augustin's influence, of one remark of a chief of King Edwin's of Northumberland to whom this religion was offered. The king was studying over the matter, and was slow to receive the new doctrine. He was at last prevailed upon to collect an assembly of nobles and priests to discuss the matter; when one of the chiefs used the following pleasant and ingenious comparison:—

"As when, in winter, the king and his nobles and servants have met at a feast, and are couched around the fire blazing in the center of the hall, and feel nothing of the cold and of the rough weather of the season, while the storm and the snow-blasts are raging without, and a little sparrow flies quickly through, entering in at one door, and passing out at the other: what the moment which the bird passes in the warm hall, without feeling any thing of the rough weather, is to the whole long remainder of the time which it has spent, and must again spend, amidst the storms, such is the present short moment of time, which we know, compared to that which has gone before us, and to that which follows after us of which we know nothing. With good reason, then, may we feel ourselves bound to receive this new doctrine, if it reveals any thing more certain on these matters."

"This king became a zealous Christian, and died in 633. From that time, the work set in motion by Augustin went forward with success." J. P. B.

For the Child at Home.  
WHITE AND BLACK FAIRIES.

A CHRISTMAS RIDDLE.

With a jolly shout, a group of little ones burst into mamma's room on Christmas morning, at break of day. "Merry Christmas, mamma!" "Merry Christmas, papa!" cried all the voices in joyous concert.

Then there was a universal leap for the stockings tied to the bed-posts. Each seized his own,—blue, red, or white; long or short, according to age and sex.

With faces rosy with eagerness, all sat around the blazing fire to explore their treasures, down to every little toe and heel. A droll little circle they were, with their double wrappers and their tousled heads, with the firelight dancing on their faces as radiant as its own Christmas glow.

All were richly supplied; but Bobby noticed an odd thing about his sock. Just in the toe was a large hole! A hole in his Christmas sock! Could mamma have forgotten to darn his socks? How very queer!

That evening, when the excitements of the busy day were over, and the family were gathered around the twilight blaze in quiet happiness, one and all cried out to papa for a story. "A real Christmas story, papa!"

There was no resisting this; and so papa drew

them all close around him. On one side was Emmy, the eldest, with her quiet, thoughtful face; on the other was Bob, with eyes as bright and brown as a squirrel's, and face all quivering with dimples. On one knee was Susie, or "Kitten" as papa called her, because of her green-gray orbs; and on the other knee, nestled up to papa's breast, was little Henry, the youngest, with his floating yellow hair and his great dreamy eyes.

So now the story began:—

"Last night, after all the children were covered up in bed, dreaming of their stockings, I saw a beautiful white fairy come in; yes, into this *very* room. She had golden hair, and blue eyes, and long white fingers. She carried a basket on her arm, filled with 'goodies' and pretty things.

"She went about the room with such a loving, gracious smile, and filled every stocking. Then she bent over each little sleeper with a blessing and a kiss. After this, she vanished out of sight and hearing.

"When she was gone, a tiny, dark fairy came stealing in, with the wickedest little black eyes and the sharpest teeth.

"And what do you think he did? Ran right up to Bobby's sock, and began to eat his almonds and raisins!

"Then I frightened away the thief; and he ran like a mean little coward, as he was, and didn't come back any more.

"Who can guess my fairy riddle?"

"I can!" said Kitten. "The beautiful white fairy was mamma, and"—"And," cried Bobby, "the little black fairy was a mouse that ate that hole in my sock. That's it; isn't it, papa?"

"But," said Emmy, "how could mamma 'vanish out of sight and hearing'?" "I know," said Bob: "she *went to sleep*."

At this they all laughed, — even little Henry.

Then papa said, "Now you have all been so wise, I will give you another riddle. All the world is full of white fairies and black fairies. Can you riddle me this?"

"Is it people doing good and people doing evil, papa?" said Emmy.

"Yes," said papa; "and we will all try to be white fairies, and 'overcome' the 'evil' of the black fairies with 'good.'"



For the Child at Home.  
LITTLE FOES.

Did you ever read the story of Gulliver? It is but a fable; but it teaches a great moral truth. The Lilliputians, while he lay sleeping, bound him down to earth with cords so many, that they formed a strong network, which made him a fast prisoner. He could not feel them as they worked, though they were stepping all over his body. They were so light and small, that they made no impression on his great frame. Only when he awoke, and tried to move, and to get upon his feet, and saw how they had got the victory over him, did he feel how mighty is the combined power of little things.

The other day, a spider brought this great fabled giant to my mind. By some means, a large caterpillar had fallen into his web. Immediately the tiny

For the Child at Home.

## AT HEAVEN'S GATE.

Poetry by "Dewdrop."

Soprano Solo.

Music by MR. CHARLES HOLDEN.

1. A gleam of gold-en light I see. Haste, Lord, and open un-to me.  
 2. A way-worn pil-grim, Lord, I stand, And view with joy the promised land;

ACCOMP.

Heaven's pearl-y gate just left a-jar Re-veals its glo-ry from a-far.  
 So dis-tant, yet so bright and fair, I seem to be al-read-y there,

TUTTI.

SEMI CHORUS.

Be-hold, I stand and knock; Be-hold, I stand and knock.  
 While here I stand and knock, While here I stand and knock.

3. My heart beats low with fear and dread;  
 And yet my Saviour for me bled.  
 Fain would I from such splendor flee;  
 But, oh! I know he died for me.  
 Cho.—So, faint heart, boldly knock.

4. Ah! still the golden light I see.  
 Heaven's gate is left ajar for me:  
 Oh! may I keep it e'er in view  
 While I the narrow path pursue,  
 Cho.—And daily stand and knock!

spider was crawling all over him, and darting finest silken cords around and around his body, until he was fast held in her coils. There could have been no escape but for a humane hand, that reached out and broke the web, and frightened away the spider, and let the poor prisoner go free.

And so, dear children, are we all overtaken, when not watchful, by what we wrongly call little sins. I mean, by this, sins that are not so obvious and great as to frighten us. We do not see how they steal upon us, and bind us with their fine network, until, by and by, we shall try to move, and shall know that our enemies have been busy about us while we slept or were unwary; and, then, oh! happy will it be for us if the Great Power that is above us shall reach out a merciful hand, and deliver us.

Is it not better to be upon the lookout for the little foes that are lurking near us with the hope to overcome us?

Shall we not watch lest we fall into Satan's web, and feel him darting out his fine but strong cords around us?

Even if we escape, we shall be sorely pinched and cut by the threads that he loves to tighten.

Let us pray God to keep us, by the help of his Holy Spirit, from all things evil that may happen to the body, or that may assault or hurt the soul.

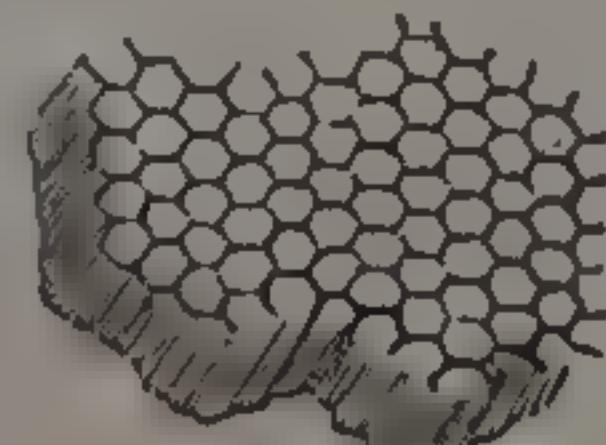
We may feel ourselves very safe, and at perfect peace, if we remember all our lives to call upon God, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Fanfan.

## PICTURE-READING.

Let us see if there are not some more verses of the Bible that you can read partly from pictures. Try these. Don't look in the book till you have done your best.

"Pleasant words are as sweet to the soul, and health to the bones."—Prov. xvi. 24.



"The beginning of strife is as therefore leave off contention before it be meddled with."—Prov. xvii. 14.



"As a far so is good news from country."—Prov. xxv. 25.

"As mouth so is a parable in the of fools."—Prov. xxvi. 9.

"As a madman that deceiveth his saith, 'Am not I in neighbor, and sport?'—Prov. xxvi. 18, 19.

"As a bird wandereth so is a man that from his place."—Prov. xxvii. 8.



## THE ILLUMINATION.

Little Sammie had been to the city to see the torchlight procession, and he was never weary of talking about it. Again and again he told his mother of the splendid illuminations. "I wish I was a

man," said he, "and had money enough: I would illuminate every house in our village."

He expressed this wish so often, that his mother told him one day he might place a light in the hands of every boy and girl if he chose, which, if rightly held, would make an illumination more splendid than any torchlight procession he ever saw.

"Tell me what you mean, mother," said he, kneeling by her side, — his usual place when she spoke of serious things.

"Do you remember the story you read in 'The Child at Home' which taught you so plainly the evil of deceiving your parents and teachers?"

"Yes, mother," replied Sammie; "and I have never deceived you once since."

"Well, then, ever since Uncle Roland placed this lamp in the hands of my little boy, he has held up the light of an open-hearted, truthful character. What a splendid illumination it would make if every boy and girl in Beechdale could be thus induced to shine forth the glorious principles of our holy religion!"

"But it would take more money than papa gives me in a whole year to take 'The Child at Home' for all the children," said Sammie sorrowfully.

"Not much money, my dear," replied his mother; "only a little self-denial. Two or three half-holidays would accomplish much in getting subscribers: and then each one could have the paper all the year for his own; and, in the practice of its precious truths, a light would illuminate every house in our little village."

L. L. W.

WE have a "SELF-BINDER" for "The Child at Home," so simple, that any child can insert his own papers each month, and preserve them for years; thus making a beautiful picture-album.

We will send this free to any boy or girl who subscribes for six copies (with \$3.00) of "The Child at Home" in colors for one year.

For twelve copies subscribed for (with \$6.00) we will send "The Sabbath at Home," a beautiful magazine, for one year.

## "CHILD-AT-HOME" SAVINGS BANK.

We are greatly pleased to be able to present the following record. It is a good beginning. Several of those who sent these sums said that they were going to keep on till they became life-members. We wish them success.

DEPOSITED IN DECEMBER, 1868.

Dec. 8.—A. Bert B. Graham, Astoria, N. Y. . . . .	\$1.00
" " — Earl B. Ferson, Fitchburg, Mass. . . . .	1.00
" 11 — Helen M. Whedon, W. Pawlet, Vt. . . . .	2.50
" 14 — Charlie Brown, Jackson, Mich. . . . .	.50
" 18 — Mary A. Bosworth, 50 cent.; Willie Bosworth, 10 cents, Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . .	.60
" 19 — Edwards N. Eager, W. Newton . . . . .	.50
" 21 — Adeline F. Schirely, 50 cents; Maria S. Schirely, 50 cents; Philadelphia, Penn. . . . .	1.00
" 26 — Webster H. Hosford, age 16; Jennie A., age 10; Mary B., age 7; John F., age 5; and Grace Edith, age 3; each 10 cents; Hudson, N. Y. . . . .	.50
" " — Emma A. Tilden, Forest Lake, Penn. . . . .	1.00
" " — Louis Buck, 7 years old, S. Woodstock, Conn. . . . .	.10
" " — Willie Lathrop, Jackson, Mich. . . . .	.50
" 28 — Lizzie E. Flagg, Wellesley, Mass. . . . .	2.00
" " — Anna Knapp, Round Hill, Conn. . . . .	1.00
" 30 — William H. Wilson, Alleghany City, Penn. . . . .	.50
" " — Myrtilla Smith, Westport, Conn. . . . .	.50
Total . . . . .	\$13.20

## THE CHILD AT HOME

Is published monthly by  
 The American Tract Society, 164 Tremont Street, Boston.

TERMS.—ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

FOR THE PLAIN EDITION.

Single copies, per annum, to one address . . . . .	\$0.30
Six . . . . .	1.00
Fifty . . . . .	7.50
One hundred . . . . .	12.00

FOR THE COLORED EDITION.

Less than ten copies, at the rate of fifty cents per annum.	
Ten copies or over, at the rate of forty cents per annum.	

The postage, which, for packages to one address not weighing over four ounces, is three cents per quarter, — large packages in the same ratio, — is to be paid at the office of delivery.

Articles intended for insertion in this paper may be addressed to the EDITOR OF THE CHILD AT HOME, 164 Tremont Street, Boston.

Orders for the paper should be addressed to JAMES WATSON, 164 Tremont Street, Boston. Remittances should be made by draft, Post-office order, or registered letter.

Geo. C. Rand &amp; Avery, 3 Cornhill, Boston.

# THE CHILD AT HOME

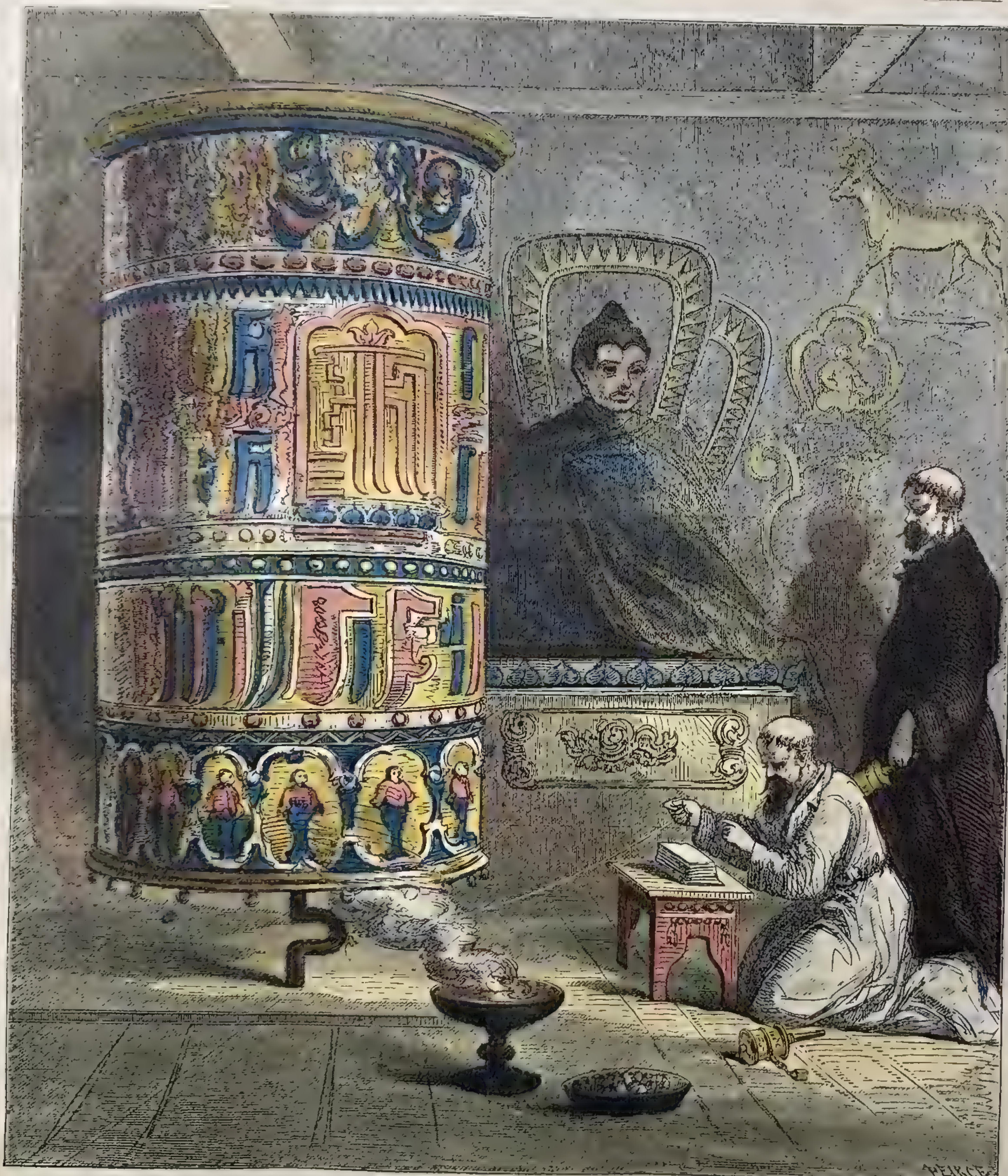
OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

VOL. X.

APRIL 1869.

NO. 4.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.



## PRAYING-MACHINES.

LISTEN, children, while I tell you of three kinds of praying-machines. When you have heard me through, then I want you to tell me whether you use one or not.

Far away from here, in Asia, on the eastern sides of the Himalaya Mountains (which you know, perhaps, are the highest mountains in the world), people live who pray by turning a cylinder. This is true. Men have been there, and have seen them; and you may see on this page a picture of a large one which an Englishman saw only a short time ago in Thibet. Hearing a bell tinkling as he was passing a monastery, he looked in at the window; and there sat a lama, or monk, patiently turning a crank with

a piece of rope; and, as he turned it, round and round went the great cylinder, covered with letters and pictures all in very bright colors, while a pan of incense was burning before it. Every time the machine went round, the little bell struck.

The traveler went in and examined the machine, and found out all about it, and why it was that they used it for praying. The inside of it was filled with a long strip of paper, rolled up; and on that paper was printed over and over again these four words, "Aum Mani Padme Hoong." When the one who prays begins to turn the crank, he repeats those words; and then he may keep silent while the words on the paper go round with the cylinder. He thinks it is just as well for the words themselves to move as for him to be speaking them all the while. When

he stops turning the wheel he utters the words again, and the prayer is over. Those four words mean, "Worship to the Jewel on the Lotus, Amen."

Sometimes, among them, praying-wheels are turned by water, like the wheel of a grist-mill; and sometimes even by wind. Then there are small ones to be carried in the hand. You can see two of these in the picture. Now, do you think it does the lamas much good to pray in that way?

Another thing that I call a praying-machine is sometimes called a "rosary." It is a string of beads of different colors, so arranged that those who pray can keep count how many prayers to Mary they repeat, and how many times they say the Lord's Prayer. I call it a praying-machine, because it does not seem to me like praying with the heart when one keeps counting his prayers, and trying to get through as many as possible in a short time. I am afraid that the string of beads, as it runs over the fingers, does not do any more good than the wheel of the lama. This rosary isn't found in Asia only: I have seen it here in America among the Roman Catholics. I wish they would give it up.

Did I say I would tell you of *three* kinds of praying-machines? It pains me to tell you what I meant by the third kind. I meant those little boys and girls that "say their prayers" without thinking what the words mean, and without feeling them in their hearts. What difference does it make whether you turn a wheel covered with printed words on the inside, or roll a little tongue in your mouth, that utters sweet and solemn words without your knowing it? I know a little girl, and I think a great deal of her, who came very near using a rosary, and praying to the Virgin Mary. A Roman Catholic was teaching her "how easy it was to be a Catholic." She had kneeled down, and was just going to begin, when she turned to her aunt, who had been looking on anxiously, and said, "Would you?" Her aunt said, "Who is it that you pray to, dear?"

"Oh! I don't pray to anybody, I guess: I say my prayers."

Dear little one! I hope she will learn to love God with her whole heart; and I hope, that, if any of you have been mere praying-machines, you will not be so any longer. You must ask God to help you in this, and to teach you how to pray.

Uncle Ed.

"After this manner, therefore, pray ye: 'Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us, this day, our daily bread; and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory for ever. Amen.' — MATT. vi. 9-13.



For the Child at Home.

## FLOWERS ON THE FENCE.

BY FRANCES LEE.

Far away to the north lies a wide lake; and just midway in this lake is an island, with shingly beaches, hard, smooth roads, woodland and meadows, and pleasant homesteads.

Upon this island, just where the lake

"Gleams the bluest through the trees,"

a field of blossoming buckwheat stretched itself last summer, fragrant and fair as a lawn of white clover; and on the fence I saw a solitary stalk of buckwheat running its round of promise and fulfillment as completely as the acres of sweet bloom in the fields beyond.

Months before, "behold, a sower went forth to sow; and, when he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside," and one queer little black, three-cornered seed, borne by the strong lake-wind, lodged upon a spot of rotten wood and decayed moss on the upper rail of this wayside fence.

"Now what use," the little seed might have said to itself, "in my putting up green sprouts, and throwing down fibers of roots? Probably there is not soil enough for me to grow in; but, even if there is, what use in growing away up here? I shall never be harvested, never be made into cakes, never fulfill any purpose."

But no such thought came into the heart of the tiny black kernel. He who had created it had put in it the power of doing more than lying lifeless and blank; and the seed, using to the utmost its powers, came to perfection just as faithfully as though it had been the only herb of its kind, upon whom every future crop of buckwheat depended.

And though so misplaced, and out of its expected uses, it was not lost. It gave delight to many a flitting bee and bird and butterfly, and it taught a timely lesson to a discouraged human heart.

"Improve every power of your mind and body to the full, wherever God by his providence has placed you," it said, waving its head in the light summer air; "then, however uncongenial and adverse the place, you will be ready for whatever work he may have for you. And, if you do nothing else, you will thus glorify Him who created you; which is the greatest glory and duty of all."

## LOVING IN WORDS.

"How much I love you, dear mamma!" said little Mary Lee as she kissed her mother again and again.

"If my little daughter loves me so much, I hope she will show it by being very good and obedient

to-day," said Mrs. Lee as she went out of the room to attend to her domestic duties, leaving Mary to amuse herself with her playthings.

In the first place, she rocked her doll; singing to it, "Hush, my dear! lie still, and slumber," until she chose to consider dolly fast asleep; then she walked on tiptoe to the place where her blocks were stored, and amused herself for a long time in building churches with such tall, steepled, that it was quite a wonder that she could balance the blocks so nicely.

At length she was tired of this employment, and seated herself in her little chair to rest. On looking around the room, she saw for the first time her mother's watch lying on the table. Mary had been told that she was never, on any account, to touch this watch; and, when she first saw it, she had no intention of doing so: but she went up to the table, and thought she would like to take it in her hand, and put it to her ear to hear it tick. Conscience, that little voice within, told her that this would be disobeying her kind mother: but she hushed it by saying to herself, "Mother doesn't want me to touch her watch because she is afraid I won't be careful of it; but I will. I know I can play with it, and not hurt it at all. And, thus persuading herself that she was not doing very wrong, she took the watch in her hand, held it to her ear, and then laid it down again very carefully. Then she thought she would put the chain around her neck, and wear the watch, as her mother did. She did so, and had just viewed herself in the glass, quite pleased that she looked so much like a grown-up lady, when she heard some one coming. In her haste to snatch off the watch, it slipped through her fingers, and fell with a crash on the floor, breaking the crystal, and otherwise injuring it.

Just then the door opened, and her mother entered the room; and, oh, how grieved and sorry she was when she saw what was done! "Can it be," she said, "that this is the little girl who said she loved her mother so much an hour ago? Ah! it was only love in words: if she had felt it in her heart, she would not have disobeyed her." Little Mary cried very much, and asked her mother's forgiveness, and seemed so truly sorry for her fault, that her mother promised to try and forget her bad conduct if she would do better in future.

I have been thinking that perhaps some of the readers of this paper not only love their parents in the same way that Mary did, but that they grieve their kind heavenly Father with giving him only this kind of worthless affection. If any little boy thinks he loves Jesus, and then very often tells what is not true, or disobeys his parents, or plays on the Sabbath, he is certainly deceiving himself: for God expressly forbids these things; and he says, "He that keepeth my commandments, he it is that loveth me." Neither God nor your parents have any value for the love which is shown *only* in words. M.



## SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED ABOUT THE FIRST OF APRIL.

There was an ancient race — and it is still in existence — whose year did not begin in January, as ours does, but in April. What race was it?



Their year began at that time because of a wonderful deliverance wrought for them. At the same time, there was a dreadful calamity that befell their oppressors. Who were their oppressors?

There were some strange things done on that April new-year's day. If you study these two pictures, you may guess what they were. Then, if you wish to be sure whether you are right, you can get your Bibles, and open at Exodus xii., and read the second, sixth, seventh, eleventh, and twenty-second verses.

U. E.

For the Child at Home.

## LITTLE EDITH'S PRAYER.

Some ten years ago, there were living in the Island of Ceylon a missionary and his wife, who had given up pleasant homes and loving friends that they might go and tell how Jesus loves us all — the heathen in far-off Asia as well as in Christian America. They met with many trials in their new home; but still they worked for Jesus in trying to lead others to him.

God blessed their attempts; and, through their labors, many that were once worshiping idols now prayed to God.

Among the servants of the missionary (for there are generally people who live and work in the families of the missionaries, so that they may learn with greater ease whatever is told them) was a young man of about twenty, whose duty it was to take care of Edith, the missionaries' only child.

Jim was naturally very smart, and was soon able to read with great rapidity, and could repeat many verses from the Bible. But he was very wicked withal, and would cheat, lie, and steal. He became the terror of the settlement. This the missionary knew when Jim came to live with him; but he hoped that he might soon see how wicked he was, and love Jesus. He at once became greatly attached to Edith, and, after a short time, took the entire charge of her.

One night, Edith's mother was sick, so she could not put her little girl to bed, as was her usual custom. So Jim, asking, gained the permission. After she was ready for bed, he could not get her to lie down in her crib; but she must be taken up, so she could "pray," she said. From this he tried to dissuade her, but to no avail; so he lifted her out carefully; and the little one, kneeling at his knee, and with clasped hands, *did* pray, —

"O God! please bless mamma and papa and Edith and Jim, and make him love you just as I do. Amen." She arose; and he placed her again in her crib, where she was willing to lie. As he was doing so, a tear-drop fell upon her little hand; and, looking up, she said, "What you cry for, Jim? Does your heart hurt?"

Oh, how his heart did "hurt"! and all night long he walked in front of the house. Neither his reading nor arguments, nor any thing that he could do, could help him now.

In the morning, the missionary said, seeing his bright, joyful countenance, "What is the matter, Jim?"

"Jesus loves me, sir. Isn't that enough to make me happy? And then he told of Edith's prayer,

and how he could not sleep, thinking of it. Then he spoke of his own wants, and how Jesus had helped him.

From that time he was a different person, and, after earnest study, became one of the native pastors in that region, and did much good. He often spoke of the manner of his conversion; and, though the missionary and his wife did all they could for him, God took the means of little Edith's prayer to lead him in the right way.

When we kneel to pray for ourselves, don't let us forget to pray for the missionaries, and for the poor people whom they teach. A heathen boy's heart may be reached by a little girl's prayer on this side the water as well as on that.

H. B. II.

For the Child at Home.

## MYRA'S LAMENT.

"If I only had a mother,  
Ah, how happy I should be!  
I would be so kind and loving,  
Could she but come back to me!  
  
"I would spring to do her bidding;  
I would heed her lightest tone:  
O my darling angel-mother!  
Cold and dark the world has grown.  
  
"I've a home of ease and splendor;  
Servants hasten at my call:  
But, to gain my gentle mother,  
I would gladly give them all.  
  
"For her cherished face and footstep,  
Daily, all in vain I sigh:  
Tender tones and winning love-looks,  
Sweet as hers, no gold can buy."

Myra bowed her head in anguish;  
Wildly wept she o'er her loss.  
Bessie stood in tearful pity:  
"This," she thought, "is Myra's cross.  
  
"Ah! I've often envied Myra,—  
She so rich, and I so poor!  
But I'd not exchange my mother:  
I am rich, and she is poor!  
  
"Oh! I'll never envy others,  
Howe'er bright their lot may be:  
Humble though my dress and station,  
Myra well may envy me."

Dewdrop.

For the Child at Home.

## "THAT LITTLE HAND."

I read some time since about a dear little boy whom God called from his pleasant earthly home to the brighter home above. When the little form had been dressed for the grave, mother and sister went to look upon the "sweet face of the precious sleeper." They stood gazing fondly upon the face of the little one so soon to be hid from their sight; and Lizzie cried a great deal because the brother she loved so much could never join her in her plays again. At length, she asked her mother to be allowed to take in her own the hand of her little brother. The mother consented, and placed the hand of her sleeping boy in that of his sister. Little Lizzie held it tenderly a moment, and then, looking up to her mother through her tears, said, "Mother, this little hand never struck me."

Very sweet and loving must this little brother have been, and very much mother and sister would miss the little boy so kind and good. But mother knew that her darling was safe in Jesus' bosom. She had read in the Bible how tenderly the dear Saviour loved little children when he lived on the earth; and she knew that he loves them still. She knew, that, in the fold of the Good Shepherd, little Willie would be safe and happy; and by and by God would call her to come and be with him, and then she would find her own little Willie among the angels.

Will Lizzie try to be a good child, and love the dear Saviour, so that she, too, may go to the beautiful home above? I hope so.

H. B. II.



For the Child at Home.

## BOYS, I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU.

When Aunt Phillis, a colored woman, came to wash for me, she brought her pipe and tobacco, and stopped in her work, three or four times before it was done, to smoke.

An old lady came to spend the afternoon with me. She had very gray hair, and wore a white cap and silver-bowed spectacles.

After sitting a while, she took from her pocket, not her knitting-work (she didn't bring that), but a little package of tobacco, and filled her pipe, and began to smoke.

One very cold windy day in winter, I saw a woman riding by on horseback who had just been to market. There was a bag of flour on the horse, behind her; a carpet-bag of something hung on the saddle; and two or three bundles were in her lap.

She wore a thick shawl and mittens, a red scarf tied over her ears, and a large calico sun-bonnet over that.

A dingy old pipe stuck out from her great sun-bonnet; and she kept puffing the white smoke into the frosty air as though it was very nice.

What do you think of this, boys?

Is it any worse for women to smoke than it is for men?

For the Child at Home.

## HELPING MOTHER.

"How I love to help mother!" said little Sophie Foster, as, with a sigh of satisfaction, she rose from rocking the cradle. Baby was fast asleep; the gray cat lay winking and blinking before the fire; the sunshine poured in bright and golden, and played with the leaves of the ivy that had been trained over the window. Sophie took a story-book, and sat down to read.

Presently mother came in. She was a sweet-looking lady, with soft brown eyes and a merry smile; and she came right up to Sophie, and kissed her before she knew it. "So baby is asleep. You have been a great comfort to me, dear. My headache is all gone; and now you may put on your red riding-hood and boots and waterproof-cloak, and go out to play.

Sophie's face was very bright as she skipped over the sidewalk that afternoon. She had denied herself a visit to a little cousin that she might help mother; and she had her reward. An approving conscience is a better thing to have than great possessions.

Do you love to help your mother, little reader? She has done a great deal for you. She has lain awake nights, and worked and planned for days, all for you. Try if you can not help her ever so much this week.

M. E. M.

If it is such a luxury, why shouldn't they enjoy it too?

If it is manly for boys to smoke, why isn't it lady-like for girls to do the same?

Why isn't it just as proper for your mother and sisters to smoke on the street as for you?

Please answer this honestly before you yield to temptation to smoke.

Annie West.

For the Child at Home.

## ALL CLEAN.

"All clean!" shouted little Howard Westerfield as he bounded from the dressing-room into his mother's apartment, holding up a pair of chubby hands for inspection.

"All clean, my darling?" asked the mother, carefully examining palm and wrist, knuckle and finger-tip. "Is it all clean, inside and out?"

"O mamma," cried Lilian, "you always go so deep!"

"There is an Eye that scans closer and sees deeper than I, my child; and I want all to be fair in his sight. You are both clean outwardly,—your persons and clothing all pure and sweet. But God looks into the heart, and observes the thoughts and feelings. Is there nothing there to offend his eye?"

"Mamma," said Lilian hesitatingly, while the little brother listened with eager attention,—"mamma, I prayed this morning for a clean heart. Our teacher talked to us yesterday of the filthiness of

sin,—how it spots and stains the soul; and I felt as if I was all unclean and impure, just like the verse she read to us, 'From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it, but wounds and bruises and putrefying sores.' And she read us another, 'We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags.' Then she told us that Jesus could make us white and clean; and she gave us two beautiful verses to learn that we might repeat them to her to-day. Shall I say them to you, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear, do," answered mamma.

And little Howard, listening, with eyes and mouth wide open in his great interest, cried out, "Yes, do, Lilian!"

And Lilian recited in a clear, soft tone, as though she understood and felt

every word, —

"Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you."

"A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh."

"Our teacher made us promise," said the child, "that we would pray every day that Jesus would wash us from sin, and make our hearts clean. She said that to have a clean heart was the same as to be born again, to become a Christian. It all seemed very plain to me while she was talking. I do want to be clean, mamma, indeed I do, inside and out."

"So do I," said Howard. "I will pray Jesus, too, to make me clean."

"It is a good prayer, my dear ones," said the mother, while the tears stood in her eyes, "and one I offer for you every day;" and she drew them both to her side, and kissed them fervently. "And now there are two or three words more I would like to say about this clean water of his renewing grace which God has promised to sprinkle upon you if you ask him. Water cleanses and purifies. What else does it do? Can you tell me?"

But both the little ones were silent.



# THE CHILD AT HOME



VOL. X.

MAY, 1869.

NO. 5.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.



For the Child at Home.

## PLANTING CORN.

How black is the bosom of the earth! One would scarcely think, as he looks at it in the early spring-time, that greenness and beauty could possibly come to such a dark and barren spot.

It is sweet to have faith. The father goes before the little child, and loosens and throws up the soil; and the tiny hand drops the golden grain into the ground, and watches him as he covers it and sets the seal of his hoe upon each hillock.

The father has told the little one of the gentle rain and dew that will come down from the heavens to water the seed, and of the warm rays of the sun that will reach even through the darksome earth,

and quicken the grains of corn, so that they will shoot up green points, and pierce their prison-roof to get the light and air, and more and more of the warmth and glory.

The little daughter believes her father's word, and is content to follow in his footsteps, and plant the seed, and wait for his promise that it shall sprout and grow. By and by, she will see the verdant blades; at first tender and soft, and fluttering in the summer breeze like light winged insects hovering near the ground; then they will rise higher and higher, and feed upon the light and air and dews, and spread out broad, deep green leaves, and shake out silken tassels, and make low, sweet music as the wind sweeps over them; and among the beautiful green will be heavy rolls of milky grain, a hun-

dred-fold for each little corn dropped by a child's hand. And when the autumn comes, and the reapers gather in the harvest, the white, soft ears will be hard, and golden, and ready for the master's use.

Blacker and more barren than the earth in the early spring-time, are these souls of ours, that give so little promise of greenness or blossoms or fruit. And yet the dear heavenly Father is breaking up in them the hard, dark soil, and making them ready for the good seed; and little hands are dropping here and there the golden grain. "Mother, isn't God good to send us the Christmas Babe to save us?" "Father, will you take hold of my fingers, and lead me to heaven?" "Sister, tell me who made the stars?" "Brother, do the angels love you and me?" Oh! the seed that the little children sow will be sure to have God's brightest sunshine and most refreshing rains upon it, and will spring up fair and beautiful, and bring forth in us the best of fruit.

The great Father loves to have the little footsteps following after him. He will set his seal upon all the good and useful work that he bids the children do, and will show them a great increase from a little seed, if they will but work and trust.

Little feet that I am thinking of to-day, are you walking close behind your heavenly Father? Little hands, are you ready to sow good seed, to speak gentle words, to do kind deeds, to be loving and cheerful and true and helpful toward everybody?

This is dropping golden grain; and you shall find a rich reward both here and in the beautiful world above, when our Father and the angel-reapers welcome you to the great harvest.

For the Child at Home.

## LUCY'S TRIAL.

"O mother! it's going to rain!" said Lucy Waters as she appeared at the breakfast-table one morning in early May. "It's too bad! I have been wanting so long to go with Katie down in the meadows, and make May baskets; and now it's raining I wish it would always be pleasant. I hate such dull rainy days!"

"I am sorry, dear, on your account; but you must be cheerful. Sit down now, and eat your breakfast. There will be many bright days for you to go Maying."

"I don't want any breakfast," said Lucy fretfully; at the same time pouting her red lips, and looking sullenly up at the dull, gray sky.

"Lucy," said the mother gently, "do you remember the Sunday-school lesson yesterday, and our talk about it? You said God didn't send you any trials; and you would like to show how cheerfully you would bear them, because he had been so kind to you. Now, Lucy, this is your trial. God sends the rain, and he knows how disappointed you are. He understands it all, and looks to see how willing you are to give up your pleasure for what he knows is

best. Can you not be brave and cheerful now, and please him? He will send the sunshine again; and the meadow-flowers will be more beautiful to you for having waited God's time."

Lucy stood by the window and watched the rain-drops for a long time. The mother's words had touched her heart, and bravely it was struggling for the victory.

At length the sullen look passed away, and the blue eyes were mild and earnest. "Mother," she said softly, "I never thought such things were trials. I think I can wait while God sends the rain. I can help you to-day. I will take care of Willie, and help him build houses."

So she ate her breakfast cheerfully; and soon baby Willie was crowing gleefully over the ruins of tall block-houses.

The day was long and dark; but Lucy did not murmur. Indeed, she felt happy: for her mother's smile never seemed so sweet; and all the time some one kept whispering in her ear, "You are doing right, Lucy; and God knows all about it."

Then, as a bright sunbeam found its way through the clouds at sunset, and glanced in at the nursery-window, she exclaimed joyfully, "O mother! God is sending the sunshine! and I'm so glad I waited patiently!" And very thankful was Lucy's prayer that night; for she had gained a victory.

Lillian Pearl.

For the Child at Home.

#### A CHANGE OF HEART.

"The minister said that our hearts must be changed, or we can not go to heaven. I don't understand what he meant," said Johnnie to his mother after they returned from church.

"Do you recollect," said Mrs. G., "how much you disliked Luther Brown when his father first moved into this neighborhood?"

"Oh, yes!" said Johnnie, interrupting his mother; "but that was just because I was not acquainted with him. Now I know he is one of the nicest boys in town. He helps his father a great deal on the farm, brings in all the wood and water for his mother, and takes care of the children just as well as if he was a girl. One day, when I went for him to go fishing, after uncle gave us those new rods, just as we were starting, his father came in, and told him he must go to the blacksmith's. Luther never complained one word, but put up his rod, and started right off to do his father's errand. At first, I thought he did not feel as much disappointed as I did; but, when we got out of the house, he almost cried as he said, 'I hope we can go to-morrow.'"

In his eagerness to commend his friend, Johnnie had almost forgotten the question which he had asked at the beginning of the conversation; but his mother recalled him to it by saying, "You once disliked Luther; but, now that you know how good he is, you love him; your heart is changed toward him. Now, this will help you to understand what the minister meant by a change of heart toward God. While we are impenitent, we hate God, or perhaps are indifferent to him; scarcely think of him at all: but, when we become Christians, all this is changed; we love him, think much of him, like to tell others how good he is, that they, too, may be his friends, just as you like to recommend Luther. One reason that sinners hate God is the same that you had for disliking Luther: they are not acquainted with him. The Bible tells us, 'He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love.' When people come really to understand and feel how much he has done for them, and how good he is, they love him: but our hearts are so hard and ungrateful by nature, and we have so little love for what is right, that we should never take much pains to find out about God ourselves; and so he mercifully sends his Holy Spirit to rouse us, and to soften and change our hard

hearts, and enable them in some degree to appreciate his great goodness. I hope my little boy will pray that this Spirit may come into his heart, and renew it, and fit it to be the dwelling-place of the Saviour."

M.



For the Child at Home.

#### JOSEPH.

Have you heard the story of Joseph,  
Whom his brethren sold away?  
How his feet were hurt with the fettters  
As he in the dungeon lay?  
How he grieved for his aged father  
Whom he never might see again,  
And wept for his youngest brother  
With the heavy homesick pain?  
How he pleased the great Jehovah  
As he kept his soul from stain?



And so he became a prophet,  
And saw the years that were hid;  
And the Lord God made him prosper  
In all that he said and did;  
Until, to interpret a vision  
One morning at earliest day,  
From prison to royal palace  
They carried him hastily.



And they made him second to Pharaoh,  
Wearing a chain of gold;  
And they bowed the knee before him  
Where his princely chariot rolled.  
And then over all the countries  
Came famine, so sore and dread:  
And the people came to Joseph;  
For Egypt alone had bread.



And he knew his brothers who sold him,  
Though the years were many since;  
But they could not guess it was Joseph  
Who was governor and prince;  
So they bowed themselves before him  
As he sat in the nobles' seat;  
And he thought of the dreams of his boyhood,  
Of the stars and the sheaves of wheat.



And, full of the old affection,  
He wept when he made himself known;  
And he nobly forgave his brothers,  
Returning them good alone.  
He sent for his aged father;  
He nourished them all with food:  
And so, like the Father in heaven,  
He overcame evil with good.

v.



#### THE YOUNG PASTOR OF THE HIGH ALPS.

BY UNA LOCKE.

About forty years ago, a young man died in Geneva, Switzerland, who had labored among the High Alps, just as did the good pastor Oberlin in the District of the Rock. He was born when Oberlin was fifty-eight years old; and he passed from this life four years after Oberlin, in the year 1829. So, you perceive, he had not a very long life in this world; but if the poet speaks true when he tells us, 'That life is long which answers life's great end,' he might be said to have lived a great while longer than some who staid on the face of the earth, doing wickedly, for hundreds of years before the Flood.

This young man's name was Felix Neff. He was a Swiss, and was educated near Geneva by the village pastor and his own excellent mother. When he was seventeen years old, he became a soldier, and then a sergeant of artillery; but he was such a good young man, that the officers wished to be rid of him. They were jealous of his influence over the soldiers, and so they advised him to go into the ministry. The men of war thought he would better preach the gospel of peace. He prayed over this proposal from so strange a source, and concluded God had called him to the work of a minister of Jesus; but he much preferred, he said, the "wandering life of a missionary."

He was obliged to go to England to be ordained; otherwise he must pass through a tedious process to be naturalized, as he was to do this missionary work in France, and was a native of Switzerland. When he returned from England, he chose for his field of labor a region called the High Alps; being the highest part of the mountain-range between France, Switzerland, and Italy. It is a place where winter is almost perpetual. Immense rocks, ravines, chasms, awful precipices and fastnesses, would seem to render it uninhabitable. But the dreadful persecution of the pope had driven men and women away from their peaceful, pleasant homes to these dreadful dens; and here those who were so hardy that they did not die of the climate took up their abode, and reared their families for many generations. To this place went Felix Neff: he was said to have a constitution of iron; and he needed such for the hardships of his parish. It was sixty miles from one extreme to the other; but, on account of the windings of the way among the rough mountains, he was obliged to go eighty miles to pass through from east to west. There were sixteen or seventeen villages under his charge; and his road lay along dangerous passes, under overhanging rocks, which sometimes rolled down with terrible power. One of these villages is said to be upon "the highest spot where bread is eaten."

The people of this parish were not like those with whom Oberlin labored. Though they were shut out from the society of the polite and cultivated, though their garments were coarse, and their food also coarse, and not abundant; though they lived in very rude huts of unhewn logs, part barn, part stable, and part house,— yet they were intelligent, and even well-read, very warm-hearted, and kind: this was be-



cause they read and loved the Bible. These people were descended from the much-persecuted Waldenses; and they had the blessing of those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake. Their pastor said that the traveller might see in "the glacier valley of Fresinère the humble shepherdess, seated at the foot of a block of granite, and surrounded by her lambs, reading, with her eyes bathed in tears, the history of the *Good Shepherd who gave his life for the sheep.*"

Strange as it may seem, these people of the High Alps were a very mirthful people, full of witty sallies, and lively, sparkling conversation. Neff was very dear to them, and was warmly welcomed as he went from village to village, along these precipitous ways, preaching the word they loved. Think of climbing fifteen miles up-hill in order to hold a meeting! The village of Dormilleuse was "almost inaccessible, even in the finest months of the year." There is only one way to it, — a difficult, slippery, hazardous way in the summer: then think what it must be icy with winter! Here went the untiring pastor on one February; and he writes this in his journal: "On Tuesday I preached in the church of Dormilleuse, and some of the inhabitants from the lower part of the valley attended. The narrow path by which they climb to this village is inundated in the summer by magnificent cascades; and, in the winter, the mountain-side is a sheet of ice. In the morning, before the sermon, I took some young men with me; and we cut steps in the ice with our hatchets to render the passage less dangerous, that our friends from the lower hamlets might mount to Dormilleuse with less fear of accident. There was a large congregation." This was one village of his large parish; and his business was to visit each place in its turn, over and over, preaching and teaching. Sleet, snow, rain, and cold could not stop him. Great good was done. But I should require many pages if I tried to tell you all this young man did for the Lord Jesus and those for whom he died.

He had "an iron constitution;" but iron will wear out, and, with violent usage, much sooner than otherwise. He was obliged, after a few years' labor, to go back to his good mother in Geneva, suffering severely in a lingering illness of which he died. On his dying-bed, he talked, to those who came to see him, of the good God. "He only," he said, "is your sure trust; he only is to be truly loved." In thirty-one years, this missionary, who "would rather be stationed" in the wild Alps "than in places that are under the beautiful sky of Languedoc," finished his earthly course, and went to "the Mount Sion."

For the Child at Home.

LETTER FROM BERLIN.

MY DEAR CHILDREN, — It is a long time since I have written to you; but I hope you have not quite forgotten your friend in far-off Berlin, and what she told you of the Sunday schools of this town. But it is not of Sunday schools I will tell you to-day, but of another kind of children's meeting we have here.

You have heard of Tabitha, the disciple in Joppa, who was full of good works. Well, these children call their meeting "Tabitha Union;" for, when they meet, they work for the poor. Is not that nice? Yesterday they celebrated their eleventh anniversary, and I had the pleasure of assisting at this celebration. There were many children present; though, eleven years ago, this Union was started with only two little girls, daughters of a pious lady, Mrs. Loesche, who, at the wish of her children, worked with them for the poor every Monday night. Soon their little friends came to help them. One little girl asked the other to come; and many shawls, stockings, petticoats, trousers, and jackets were made ready by so many diligent little hands. At the end of the year, half of all they had worked was given to the poor children of one of the poorest parishes here in Berlin: the other half was divided between the orphan asylums in Jerusalem and Beirut.

While the children were busily engaged sewing or knitting, Mrs. Loesche told them stories, or read to them: often, too, they were singing hymns or merry songs. So the first seven years of the Tabitha Union were passed.

At the end of this time, the Union had so many members, that Mrs. Loesche's parlor could hold them no longer; and they were obliged to move to a large hall. Many of the little girls have become grown-up young ladies; but they are still members of the Tabitha Union. And many other little girls enter every year; and it is a pleasure to see them at their work, but better still to see them at the anniversary-day. A long table was covered with fancy-work of all sorts, to be sold to the friends who were invited for the evening. This first part of the programme ended, deep silence followed the joyous chorus of voices; for the Rev. Otto Strauss had entered; and to the tunes of the organ we sang, "Praise the Lord, the mighty King of Glory." Then the Rev. O. Strauss offered a prayer, and read Matt. v. 7, — "Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy;" addressing the children about this text, telling them that there was no better balm for our own sorrows than to dry the tears of the poor, and that we could no better show our love to our merciful Saviour than by being merciful ourselves. Then he read the report, stating, that, in the course of the year, 365 pieces of the above-named things, dressed dolls included, had been finished (a piece for every day in the year): 228 had been divided in Berlin, 86 had been sent to Jerusalem, and 51 to Beirut. Just that same day, a letter from Sister Charlotte, the head deaconess of the orphan asylum in Jerusalem, had arrived, to state the safe arrival of the Christmas-box, part of which he read. She writes, "You should have heard the joyful exclamations of our children, this Babel of tongues, of our eighty-one little girls, — Armenians, Syrians, Greeks, Turks, &c., — when they saw the box; for they hope that there are dolls in it. Could our little friends of the Tabitha Union see what happiness they are giving!" The letter having been read, we sang again a hymn; and then again began a joyful going to and fro, talking and laughing, and tea and biscuits were offered. After these little refreshments were taken, we sang again a hymn set in music for the express use of the Union, with the refrain, "Rise, rise, Tabitha." Then the Rev. O. Strauss told us the legend of Santa Claus. Then

we sang some more hymns; and with the Lord's Prayer we parted. Don't you think it was a pleasant evening? and would you not have a Tabitha Union too? Try if American little girls can do the same as Prussian little girls; and, if you begin any thing like it, please let me know. I should be most glad to get a letter from any of the little readers of "The Child at Home." And now fare you well, my dear children.

Your unknown friend,

HELENE RÜPPEL.

BERLIN, 97 Alexandrinen Str.

THE HUNGRY LITTLE BIRDS.

Looking at the picture at the head of this little paper, "The Child at Home," and noting the bird's nest, with five open-mouthed little birdies within it, I remembered seeing something very like it many years ago, and which you, little readers, would have liked to see too.

I was far away in Old England then, the dear old mother-country. It was the peaceful Sabbath Day; and, as I sat in a pleasant country-house, I looked away across a beautiful valley, so beautiful and so familiar, that the memory of it fills me with sweet thoughts. But something nearer caught my eye, — something in the garden just in front of the house. There was a laburnum-tree beside the old rustic chair; and on a pliant, swinging branch were five or six little birds, all in a row, — exactly such wide-mouthed, hungry little creatures as those in the picture in your paper. Very tiny they were (I think it must have been the first time they had ventured out of the nest), and very hungry they seemed. How were they to get any thing to eat? They were too young and weak to hunt about to find food for themselves. Very soon I saw their father and mother, the old parent-birds, as busy as could be, feeding them. First one came, dropped something into one of the open mouths, and flew away for a further supply; then the other parent came, and dropped a morsel into another of the little birdies' mouths. I noticed that they never fed *one* twice together; they took each little one in turn: although, every time the little ones saw one of the old birds approach, every tiny neck was stretched out, and every mouth opened wide. Patiently and lovingly were these little ones tended until they had had sufficient food; and then the old birds took great pains to get them away from the branch to where they wanted them to rest for the night. And a very difficult task they appeared to find it; for it was



long before the little birds would move away. At length all were gone, and the laburnum-branch was swinging empty. No doubt, the little birds died long ago; for, as I said, many years have passed since then, and the hands which tended the flowers in that garden have long been folded in death, and the dear faces that smiled on me there have gone from me: but I think the lessons which those birds taught should not die.

The first is a lesson of dependence. Those little birds could not feed themselves: they had to depend on their parents. And just so, we, God's creatures, have to depend on him; for in him we live and move, and have our being.

For the Child at Home.

## JESUS, THE CHRIST.

Words by MRS. H. E. BROWN.

1. I love thy name, blest Jesus, Christ! Sweet as the breath of morn, Enriched with del-i-cate perfume From And bids each yearning of the soul For 2. I love thy gifts, dear Jesus, Christ! In bod-y and in soul, I see the tokens of a love, Com- Not e'en a mother's love or gifts Are

END. D. S. *sf*.  
flowers new-ly born, It steals up-on the inward sense With sat-is-fy-ing peace,  
ev-er-more to cease. Each one is graven with thy name, And wakes sweet joy with-in.  
plete and beau-ti-ful. thine.  
precious, Lord, as

3.

I love thy cross, O Jesus, Christ!  
Thou givest me to be,  
By mortal pain and suffering,  
In fellowship with thee.  
And this blest fellowship I claim,  
And cherish till I die;  
For they who suffer with thee here  
Shall reign with thee on high.

4.

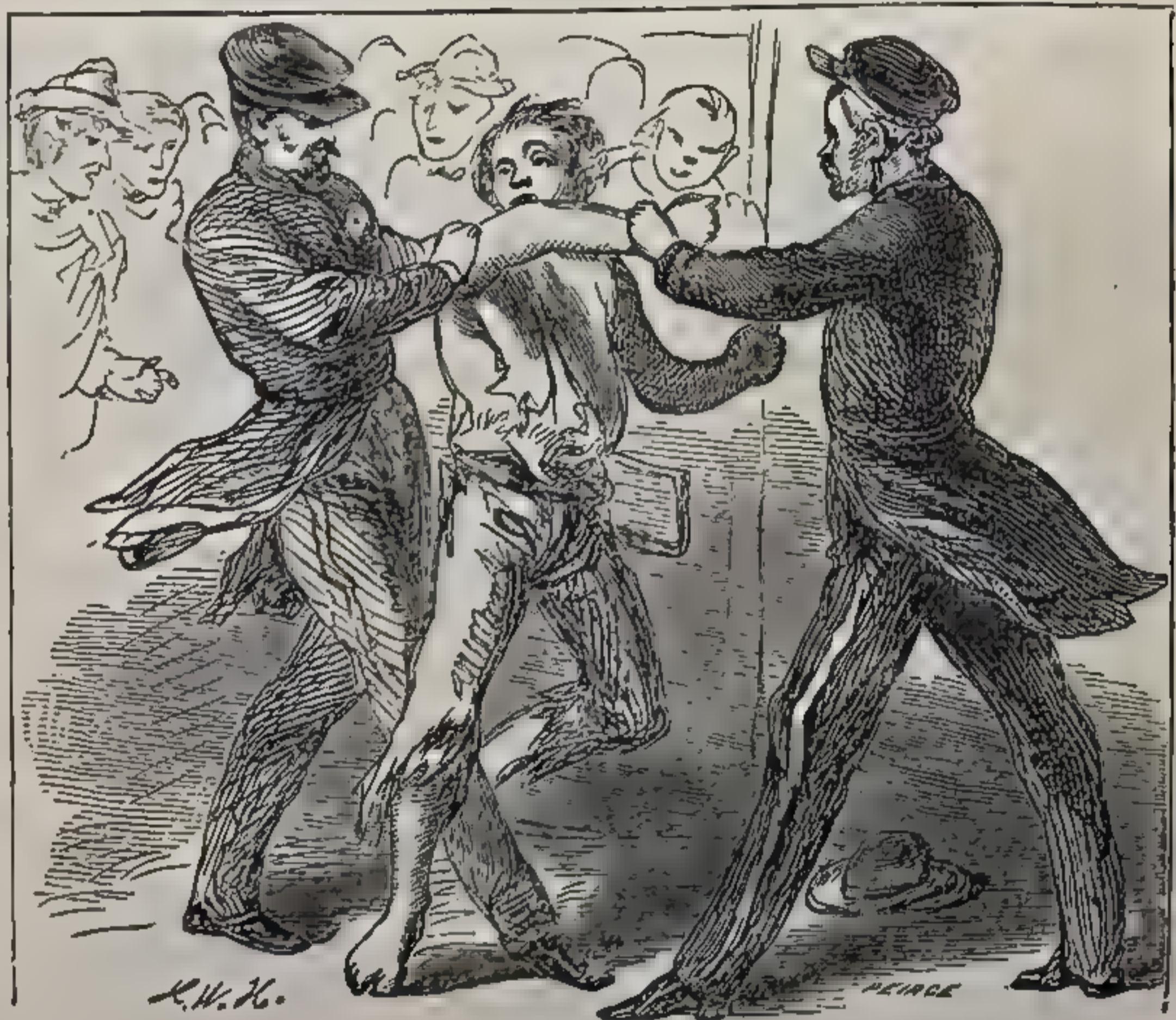
I love thy home, my Jesus, Christ!  
A home prepared for me,  
When, all my earthly life complete,  
Death's hand shall set me free.  
There I shall see thy wondrous face,  
And feast upon thy smile,  
And in the transports of the place  
Eternity beguile.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by the American Tract Society, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

The second lesson is one of *trust*. Each of those little birds received in due time its portion. And the loving God says to us, "Behold the fowls of the air: they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?"

"Under the spreading heavens  
No creature but is fed,  
And He who feeds the ravens  
Will give his children bread."

E. A. W.



For the Child at Home.

## A SAD SIGHT.

Yesterday, on turning a street-corner, I came suddenly upon a very sad sight. A boy about sixteen years old was struggling in the grasp of two police-officers. He was very strong, and had been trying very hard to escape; and his clothing was almost torn off by his wild and frantic efforts. Poor fellow! He had on neither hat nor shoes; and his miserable shirt was all in rags, showing his naked breast, and strong, bare arms.

I passed on quickly, with a feeling of pity for the poor boy. A crowd had collected around; but their faces expressed no compassion: they looked fierce and angry; and, when the policemen bore off their prisoner in triumph, they were glad. Nobody seemed to be sorry for the wrong-doer.

He was a thief, and had broken jail; that is, got out of jail, where he had been placed as a punishment. Thieves must be imprisoned, or there would be no safety for honest men.

But perhaps nobody had ever told this thief how

sinful it was to steal. Perhaps his mother was taken away from him when he was little, and so he grew up, and no man cared for him; and he became so bad, that, at last, he had to be shut up in a gloomy cell.

Maybe he was very hungry, and stole something to eat. At any rate, I think the crowd who were hooting and jeering at him might have shown a little more kindness to one who was in distress.

There is no distress so hard to bear as that which sin brings upon us. It is a sorrow that men do not pity; but Jesus does. Jesus pitied it so much, that he died on the cross to save us all from it. While he was nailed to the cross, he pardoned a poor thief who was hanging beside him.

No matter what you have done: go to Jesus. On the land, on the sea, in the prison, in the happy home, seek Jesus. Wherever you are, before you rest, look unto Jesus.

M. E. M.

For the Child at Home.

## LITTLE BESSIE WHITE.

A few years ago, while walking the streets of one of our country villages, I met a little girl whose bright smile and happy face attracted my attention; and I stopped to ask her name.

She answered, "Bessie White; and I'm going to Aunt Nancy's."

Her respectful manner interested me still more, and I turned round to walk a little way with her; for the day was too cold to remain standing.

Of course I wanted to know about "Aunt Nancy" and the book she was carrying, hugged so closely in her arms.

She talked in a simple, artless manner, till we reached the house; when she exclaimed, "Oh, here we are!" And, though I wanted much to go in with her, I could not, but promised to do so soon.

With a few words of encouragement and a kiss we parted; and, as it proved, our short acquaintance ended.

Now, dear children, I want to tell you more about little Bessie, that, by her example, you may be influenced to do good.

Bessie had no father living, but a most excellent Christian mother.

Her mother, poor in this world's goods, and delicate in health, often found it very hard to provide for herself and two little children, Bessie and Johnnie.

Occasional assistance was received from friends, and the book referred to was from a sister in the Far West.

Now, little Bessie's Sabbath-school teacher had asked each one of her class to think of some way in which they could be doing good.

Bessie knew she had no *money* to give, and her heart was almost broken lest she could not do *anything*; but, one night after she had gone to bed, she called out, "O mother! I've thought of something I can do, and I guess my teacher will be real pleased."

"You know your new book. You said Aunt Nancy would like to hear it. Now, the chapters are real short: and I can read some to her when you can spare me."

How many of the little boys or girls who read "The Child at Home" would have *thought* of this way to do good?

Aunt Nancy was an aged, blind lady, dependent on others for reading to her; and it would be hard to tell which was the happier,—she in listening, or Bessie in reading.

A speedy summons from the town prevented my seeing the child again; but I heard from her indirectly till her death, which occurred at the age of fourteen years.

Through her life, it seemed to be her aim and delight to care for others' wants. Not that she did any great deed: that is not necessary. Life is made up of trifles; and there are countless ways in which even little folks may work for Jesus.

I hope there are many little boys and girls who are trying to be good and to do good.

May the kind Shepherd watch over and help you while your lives are spared! and, in the bright heaven above, may you all meet little Bessie, who has "only gone before"!

E.

## "THE CHILD AT HOME" IN COLORS.

We have a large assortment of back numbers of this beautiful paper, which we will sell at a reduced rate.

Sabbath-school superintendents and teachers desiring papers for premiums or distribution will find this an excellent opportunity. We will send *one hundred copies*, by mail, postage prepaid, for \$2.00.

To show what is thought of this paper abroad, we quote the following from "The Montreal Witness," a daily religious and business paper:

"'THE CHILD AT HOME,' published by the American Tract Society, Boston, is a beautifully got up pictorial paper. The chief picture in the colored edition is a fine specimen of the chromotype art, which is now being carried to great perfection in Boston."

## SABBATH-SCHOOL LIBRARIES

Are still furnished by the Society as premiums for subscribers to the "Sabbath at Home"; and those who receive them are greatly pleased with them. A School in Waterloo, N.Y., has gained a \$40 library in this way. We send

For 10 new subscribers with \$20.	\$7.	15 for one year.
For 15 "	80.	12.
For 20 "	40.	20.
For 40 "	80.	40.

THE CHILD AT HOME		
Is published monthly by		
The American Tract Society, 164 Tremont Street, Boston.		
TERMS.—ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.		
FOR THE PLAIN EDITION.		
Single copies, per annum, to one address...		\$0 30
Six " " "		1 00
Fifty " " "		7 50
One hundred " " "		12 00

FOR THE COLORED EDITION.		
Less than ten copies, at the rate of fifty cents per annum.		
Ten copies or over, at the rate of forty cents per annum.		
The postage, which, for packages to one address not weighing over four ounces, is three cents per quarter,—large packages in the same ratio,—is to be paid at the office of delivery.		
Articles intended for insertion in this paper may be addressed to the "EDITOR OF THE CHILD AT HOME," 164 Tremont Street, Boston.		
Orders for the paper should be addressed to JAMES WATSON, 164 Tremont Street, Boston. Remittances should be made by draft, Post-office order, or registered letter.		

Geo. C. Rand &amp; Avery, 3 Cornhill, Boston.

# THE CHILD AT HOME



VOL. X.

JUNE, 1869.

NO. 6.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.



For the Child at Home.

## THE FIRST LESSON.

WHAT a happy time there was in the old barn where Mrs. "Terrier" lived with her three beautiful puppies! She had the nicest kennel, filled with straw, where she slept at night with her little ones snugly around her, and such a wide range inside and outside the premises all the day! Her babies were not quite old enough for her to leave them long at a time; besides, she had all their training to think of before they could go out into the world to live without her, as they must sooner or later do.

If ever you saw a proud mother, this was one, as she looked upon her offspring gamboling about the barn-floor; and her content and happiness were visible in her fat round figure, and her sprightly, cheerful manner. You know, when people are dissatisfied with their situation and surroundings, they are very apt to be fretful; and this temper of the mind shows itself in the wasted frame, and the thin,

wrinkled face, and the listless way of doing things. It is easy enough to tell who is contented, and who is not.

Mrs. Terrier was Scotch to the very backbone, and her shaggy hair bristled and stood up fiercely if you said a word against her native land; but she loved her adopted country too, and knew it must be the home of her children; and she meant to bring them up as good loyal citizens, and teach them to do it faithful service in return for its care and protection.

So one day she called them out of the kennel, — Tiger and Zip and Fan, — in order to give them their first lesson in regard to the enemy that they were to fight. She had caught a rascal prowling around after eggs and young chickens; and she gave him a terrible grip with both her fore-paws, and held him tight. The puppies had just curled themselves up for a nap; but they heard their mother cry, "Come, quick!" and they scrambled out of the straw in a minute to see what was the matter. They were somewhat frightened when they saw a

such a big fellow alone; but I guess we shall conquer him with mother's help: she's used to this sort of thing."

Seeing how attentive her pups were, the old dog spoke, still keeping the prowler under her feet. "All your ancestors," she said, "were famous for pursuing and driving out the enemy from underground places. They had a keen scent, and would track the weasel and the rabbit and the gopher to their burrows, and, poking their noses into the holes, would sniff and growl, and with their paws make the dirt fly, until the hiding-places were broken up, and the occupants caught. That is the reason of our name, — 'Terrier,' from *terra*, 'the earth.' I'm sure I hope my children will always do honor to their name, and prove themselves really worthy of it."

The little things pricked up their ears, and shot bright glances from their eyes, as much as to say, "I will!" "I will!" "I will!" And the mother was encouraged to go on with her lesson.

"If the rats would let the hens and chickens and

big rat, with his mouth open, and his teeth showing, for they knew very well how fierce the creature was, as their mother had often amused them with stories of her encounters with these animals.

Fan, the most timid of the three puppies, was for crawling back into the kennel, and hiding in the straw; but her mother shook her head, "No, no!" and the two brothers laughed, and said, "Shame!" though they had none too much courage themselves. So the little sister climbed half-way upon Zip's back, making a shield of his head, and peeped shyly at the foe. Zip caught something of his mother's spirit; and his baby face had a comical bravado in it as he tried to imitate the old dog's expression, running out his little tongue, and looking as savage as possible, while he had half a mind to try his paw on the creature.

It was so easy to be courageous while the rat was held so fast, and had no power to stir!

As for Tiger, he was quietly taking the rat's dimensions, and thinking to himself, "Tis rather a solemn time. I shouldn't quite like to meet

eggs alone, and keep to their proper business, it wouldn't so much matter to allow them to increase; for they do a great deal of good in clearing the gutters and other places of the refuse scraps that might otherwise breed sickness: but so long as they are not satisfied to get an honest living, and will steal and kill, why we must help to rid the world of such a pest."

The terrier was so earnest in her wrath against the pilferer, that she gave him a very ungentle squeeze just then, which made him cry out for mercy.

The dog let up her paws a little. "Now, keep a good lookout," she said, "and I'll show you how to catch the fellow. You'll have to be pretty careful; for his teeth are sharp, and he has a cunning way of leaping and biting when you little think of danger. Watch me, all of you, and just as I do, you must do."

She let her prisoner leave her grip, and creep slowly to a slight distance from her. He went barking, in a sidelong way, with a sly glance at the terrier; and, when he had reached an old broom that was near the kennel, he made a quick movement, in order to get under it, and so to cover his retreat: but the dog pounced upon him, and carried him back again to his former position, while the puppies, who had thought him lost to them, were in high glee at this manoeuvre.

For a number of times, the mother kept up this plan of action, until the little learners were bold enough to leap and spring, and box the creature about with a degree of skill that was really surprising for the first attempt; but, then, the secret of their success was, that they were patient and attentive to watch and learn and imitate: they did not each think his own way better than the teacher's, and so try to get along without obeying mother's wise rule. They did exactly as they were told to do; and when the fierce rat lay dead upon the barn-floor, with no more power to trouble the speckled hen's little golden chickens, the puppies felt as proud as young David the shepherd did when he had slain the giant, Goliath of Gath. Their mother, too, gave them great praise. "You bid fair to beat your ancestors," she said; and then scratched up an extra bone apiece from the barnyard for their supper.

Fanfan.



FLOWERS FROM THE BIRTH-PLACE OF ABRAHAM.

A missionary who has lived eleven years at Oorfa, Turkey, the ancient "Ur of the Chaldees," where Abraham was born, has given me some flowers which he gathered there. I wish I could show them

to all my little friends; but how can I show them to two or three hundred thousand children at once? I have taken them to our artist, and he has made you a picture of them.

Those large sprigs are "maiden-hair," a very beautiful kind of fern that you can find in a great many moist places in the woods and by the roadside in this country. This that you see was picked from the wall of what is now called "Abraham's Pool." Isn't it interesting to see how the people who live now at Oorfa keep the name of Abraham, who was born there almost four thousand years ago? Doesn't it make you think of that text, "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance"?

The flower that you see at the right is a crocus, the same that grows in this country,—that charming little thing that seems to be the first to find out that spring has come.

The small leaf at the left hand belongs to the castor-oil plant, which does not grow in this country, although the oil which is made from the bean, I need not say, is found here, enough of it.

What the other two flowers are I can not tell you. Do you know that of these I like best the maiden-hair and the crocus? It pleases me to think that the very same flowers that blossom here are found far away in that land, and that they were growing and blossoming there when Abraham was a little boy. Perhaps Sarah had a crocus in her hair some day when she sat with Abraham by that pool.

Now, how many of you would like to read the eleventh chapter of Genesis, beginning at the twenty-seventh verse, and reading to the sixth verse of the next chapter?

Uncle Ed.

For the Child at Home.

#### MABEL THORPE'S RESOLUTION.

"I never can understand it: it's of no use to try!" said Mabel, throwing down her pencil and slate in despair. Something very like a frown came upon her smooth forehead, and her eyes were full of big tears.

"What is the trouble, or rather where is it?" inquired Cousin Alice, who sat in the room. She had a book in her hand, and had not raised her eyes for a half-hour; yet she had seen all Mabel's perplexity, and had watched her defeat when the compound fraction was too much for her.

"It is all over and through this sum. — I can't see into it, Cousin Alice; and I'm going to ask Miss Lucy to put me back."

"What! put you into a lower class? I wouldn't. Perhaps a little patience and perseverance is all you need, dear. Bring me your slate."

For the next half-hour, two heads, Alice's brown and Mabel's flaxen one, were very close together; and nothing was heard except the clicking of the pencil on the slate, and the murmur of Alice's sweet low voice. Finally the example was performed; and Mabel exclaimed,—

"There! I'll never give up in despair again; while I have such a darling as you to go to, Cousin Alice!"

"Mabel," said Alice, "you have a Friend who is ever near, and ever ready to help you. I mean Jesus. Do you ever ask him to help you over these hard places in your daily life?"

Mabel looked almost shocked.

"Do you mean praying, Cousin Alice, about such a thing as my arithmetic-lesson? Why, it would be profane! Jesus don't want to hear about such trifles."

"It was not a trifle to you, my dear, when, a little while ago, you were ready to shed tears over it. It was a real cloud, that made your day dark. Our loving Saviour likes to have us bring just such trials and troubles to him; and he will help us through them, or enable us to bear them patiently. If even

the sparrows are cared for by his hand, do you think he will let his children call to him in vain? Don't you remember how the disciples told him of their fishing all night and catching nothing, and of his telling them to 'cast down the net on the right side of the ship'? Then you remember the result."

"I see that I have been wrong," said Mabel. "I will take my troubles to Jesus after this. I think he made you help me just now."

"Yes, dear Mabel: keep that resolution."

And Mabel did.

M. E. M.



For the Child at Home.

#### SIMEON THE PILLAR SAINT.

This strange man lived at Antioch, about four hundred years after Christ. He seems to have forgotten that Jesus paid our ransom with his blood; for he thought that he must purchase pardon by torturing his body.

He left his pleasant home and friends, and made for himself a pillar about three yards high, upon which he climbed, and stood all the time for four years. He then caused one to be made for him which was six yards high; and, after standing upon this for several years, he exchanged it for one much higher, and finally stood for twenty years upon a pillar nearly seventeen yards in height, and only three feet across. The great height of this pillar was to remind the people how near heaven he had got by torturing his body. There was a little railing round the top of it, against which he sometimes leaned; but he never ate or lay down. He ate only once a week, and then the food was taken to him by one of his disciples, who climbed up on a ladder. During the forty days of Lent, he tasted no food at all. In this climate, it would not be possible for a person to live so long without food; but in warm climates people can fast much longer. He became almost a skeleton; but still there he stood all day and all night, year in and year out. In summer, the sun scorched and withered him; and in the winter the frost settled in his hair, over his thin fingers, and upon his clothes, which were made from the skins of wild beasts. The winds blew against him, and the rains drenched him through; but there he stood, praying to God to forgive his sins, and often preaching to the people who gathered around to look at him.

He thought it would please God if he often bowed before him; so he would bend himself over till his head nearly touched his feet, and remain some time in this wearisome position. A man who stood near him one day to watch him, counted twelve hundred and forty-four of these motions, and then, being tired, ceased counting.

St. Simeon stood upon these pillars thirty-six years,—no pleasant house to live in, no kind friends to care for him, no little children to love him. At last he died from a fearful sore on his leg; and the people, who nearly worshiped him for being so holy, as they called it, took his body down and laid it in the tomb.

Poor body! It had known no rest for over thirty years; and this suffering he had endured because he thought that was the way to please God.

But he was all wrong. Christ has done all the suffering in our stead. God gives us our bodies, our hands, our feet, our tongues, and our loving hearts, to serve him with, not to use for ourselves only, or to put away upon a pillar; and we must try to keep them all working for him every hour of the day.

Lettie Ray.

For the Child at Home.

#### LITTLE MAY'S PRAYERS.

Little May, though nearly five years old, was much of a baby, and depended upon her mother to hear her prayers after she was in bed. This was her time to ask questions about the Saviour and the Bible verses she was learning. So it often happened that her weary mother was refreshed by the sweet thoughts that came to her mind as they talked.

One night, after May was supposed to be sleeping, "Mother, mother!" was loudly called from her room. Her sister was sent to see what was wanted, and returned, saying, "I don't know what she means." Unwillingly her mother left her work.

"What is 'toning blood'?" asked May.

"Atoning blood?"

"Yes: I heard the minister say so last Sabbath."

Happy was her mother, and her eyes were brimming with tears, as she dwelt lovingly on Christ's love, his death, his resurrection, and the need of having our sins washed away in his blood.

Many questions were asked and answered; and her mother returned to work, not with a clouded brow, not with a heavy heart. Life had seemed, a few hours ago, full of trials and hardships; but, while discoursing on the willingness of Jesus to love and save us, sweet peace had filled her soul.

"What are the Lord's footsteps, mother?" asked May, the next day. "I heard the minister say so last Sabbath."

When May was alone, she was often singing, framing her own tunes, set to words sometimes like these: "I love my Jesus; he makes me good; he is up in heaven; he sees me now, oh, yes! he loves me."

May was once looking at the picture of a little girl kneeling in prayer by the side of her bed, when she said, "Mother, I want to pray."

"Well, you may."

"Can I every time, mother?"

"Yes."

That night she was retiring as usual, when she stopped suddenly, and said, "I have not prayed." She came to the front of the bed, and kneeled. Her mother bowed beside her, wondering what kind of a prayer the little one could form. But no words came. The silence was broken by a stifled sob. Her mother whispered a few words for her to repeat. With a husky voice, she with difficulty replied, "I don't know how to pray. I can't speak to God."

Her mother assured her that God loves to have little children speak to him; but she was too much agitated to repeat the simplest words.

"You can say the Lord's Prayer, can't you?" said her mother.

"Yes," answered May: "will that be praying?" Calmly she repeated it; but, still remaining on her knees, she said, "I wish to pray some more." She then followed her mother in a prayer, which was no doubt listened to by the angels. It seemed at the time as though the Saviour was himself present, with his loving hand upon her head.

"I want you to come in the morning," May said, as her mother was leaving: "I shall want to pray some more."

The morning brought haste and bustle. May was told to dress quickly; for she could ride to her grandmother's. Delighted, she sprang to her feet, caught her clothes, and commenced putting on her stockings: then she said doubtfully, "I have not prayed." Away she ran to her room, and what words she found, her mother never knew.

That night she kneeled again; but sobbed out, "I don't know what to say." She followed her mother's words, her head drooping lower and lower as her tones grew softer and softer.

In the stillness of that night, her mother was wakened, as she thought, by May's voice. On going to her room she heard her say, "I want to pray;" but, as she seemed asleep, she went softly out again.

Just as the morning light was breaking, May called, "Mother, I have something to pray. Did you know it?"

"No: what is it?"

"Dear Saviour, make me good."

Oh, busy mothers! you who are most heavily laden with care and grief, there is time to take your little ones to church, to your Bible, to your closet: do this, and then you may trust that God will take them to heaven at last. Give them to him in infancy by faith. God delights to take them then, and make them his own. Why wait till they are grown up, it may be, to add sin to sin?

For the Child at Home.

#### ABOUT LITTLE ROBBIE.

Dear little Robbie was a very sweet boy. He was six years old. It was a very cheering sight to see him at play,—his large expressive eyes so full of joy and sunshine, while his long golden curls waved about his shoulders.

One day, his mother found him carefully examining a hair from one of his curls.

"What are you doing, my dear little boy?" said she.

"Oh!" said he, "I am trying to find the number of it; for you know, mamma, the Bible says they are all numbered."

His mother told him they were all numbered by his kind and loving Father in heaven, though not exactly in the way he had supposed.

She asked him once, "What are you going to be, my darling boy, if you grow up to be a man?" He replied, "I am going to be a minister."—"What kind of a minister?" she inquired; "a Baptist? or how would you like to be a Methodist?"—"Well," he said earnestly, "do they preach the truth?" The name of the church was of little consequence to him, so long as he was sure that the truth of God was its foundation.

This sweet little Robbie is an angel now; and though his precious form and winning ways, his affectionate embraces and loving smiles, are always in the memory of his dear mother and father, they know and believe that his God is their God, and that this deep sorrow is for their good.

His favorite hymn, and the one which he sang so sweetly, was,—

"Shall we gather at the river?"

How many of these dear children will at last stand on the margin of that beautiful river? God invites you all. Jesus died for you. Come to him, and be saved.



For the Child at Home.

#### WILLIE'S TALK ABOUT THE STARS.

I was sitting by my window as the evening shadows began to deepen at the close of a bright October day, watching the stars as they came out one by one in the heavens, and looked down lovingly upon the earth below. Almost unconsciously I found myself repeating those beautiful lines of Longfellow:—

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven  
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the  
angels."

Just then little Willie came and climbed into my lap. Putting his arms around my neck, he said,—

"Please, auntie, tell me about the pretty stars. How did they get way up in the sky? Are they little windows in God's house? and does he look through them, and see us when we are naughty? Does he *really* see us, auntie, when it is so dark? I shouldn't think his windows would be big enough to see all the people in the world."

"Yes, my child, God sees us in the dark as well as in the light. He knows when we do wrong, and is sorry, just as your dear mamma is sorry and grieves when her little Willie persists in doing what she doesn't wish him to. Remember, my dear Willie, God sees you always; and, when you want to have your own way, you grieve your loving heavenly Father."

"Yes, auntie, I'll try to remember; but what are those *big* stars that sparkle and shine so?"

"They are planets, my child. Some are very much larger than others, even larger than the earth on which we live."

"What!" says Willie, his large eyes opening wider and wider, till they almost looked like planets themselves, "are those little stars bigger than the whole world, with all the people in it? Why, auntie, how do you know?" for he couldn't understand how it could be that so small a star as even the *largest* he saw could be so large as our earth.

"We learn about the stars from astronomy; and when little Willie is old enough to go to school, he will learn about them too. These immense planets are many thousands of miles away from us; and, although they are very much larger than our earth, the distance between us and them is so great that they appear quite small. But *all* the bright stars you see, Willie, are not planets. You can not see more than one or two at a time."

"Well, auntie," said Willie thoughtfully, "what are those *other* bright stars?"

"They are called 'fixed stars,' because they move so *very* slowly that we can not perceive any movement at all. These also vary in brightness: some are of very great splendor, while others can scarcely be seen with the naked eye. Do you understand, my little boy?"





VOL. X.

JULY, 1869.

NO. 7.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.



For the Child at Home.  
INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

"PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHTOUT ALL THE LAND, UNTO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF." That is what the great bell said, many years ago, before we were born. I can almost see the picture of that day now, in my mind, — the eager faces lighted by hope, the hushed voices, and the waiting footsteps of that crowd of people who stood outside of Independence Hall on the 4th of July, 1776.

Then, when the great bell rang, to let them know that the Declaration of Independence had been made, how they must have felt! I imagine there were some among them who prayed in their hearts, and thanked God in the midst of the joyful acclamations; because, you see, they all knew that the sound of the bell meant "liberty throughout the land;" and each one felt that the welcome proclamation was for him.

Wasn't it strange, too, to think that the words had been cast in the iron of the big bell twenty-

three years before that time? It was like a prophecy fulfilled when it rang *that day*!

You can see the old bell, if you look in the picture, on the south side of the room: there it stands on its pedestal, tarnished by the hand of time, and with a great crack in one side, but dear still and beautiful still to all of us who love liberty.

Just in the center of the room stands the very table on which the Declaration of Independence was signed: the queer, old-fashioned chair on top of it is the same chair in which John Hancock sat when he presided over the meeting, and signed his name to the wonderful paper.

These three things, with the chandelier, are the only relics of that day that are preserved in the room; but, if you were in the hall, you could see much more that is interesting.

At the left of the door, as you go into the room, is a little wooden seat, which will hold only two persons, and looks very different from any of our modern seats. It is part of a pew in Old Christ

Church, that was used by Washington, Lafayette, and other of our distinguished men.

Then, to the right of the door is a high-backed chair, made out of wood brought from many different places. I fear there will hardly be room afforded me to describe it to you in all its different parts; but I must tell you something about it. In it there is a piece of mahogany taken from a beam in Christopher Columbus's house, near the city of St. Domingo; the house was built in 1496, and was the first one built in America by European hands: a portion of the great elm treaty-tree, under which Penn made the treaty with the Indians in 1682; this tree is said to have been two hundred and eighty-three years old when it was blown down. In the seat of the chair is a lock of hair taken from the head of Chief-Justice Marshall. Then there is a bit of Penn's house, which stood in Lætitia Court; and two or three pieces from the group of walnut-trees which stood in front of the State House when it needed some tall landmark to point it out where it stood in its loneliness. There is also a portion of the United-States frigate "Constitution,"

and several other relics; and out of all of these are made the thirteen little stars which ornament the chair.

Now look up on the walls, and see the gallery of portraits, — more than a hundred faces of great men and good women, whose very names we love, because *they* loved their country even as we do to-day. They loved their *country* and their *God*; and I hope every child who looks at this picture will remember that no *better* thing than that can be said of a man or woman.

Opposite you, as you open the door, on either side of the desk, are full-length portraits of William Penn and Lafayette; in the corner, behind the door, in among the shadows, which, however, can never make his face gloomy, is old Benjamin Franklin; while in the other corner, by the window, where the bright sunshine falls and crowns his forehead, is good Bishop White. You could not help loving the face, if you should stand and look at it as I have done so many times; and I am quite sure you would

feel in your hearts a new longing to be good and pure.

On the desk, at the back of the room, is a funny blue plate, covered with pictures, and with one corner nicked out. You might be tempted to pass it without a second look; but wait a minute, and look again. It is a plate that Washington used once on his dinner-table.

It would take you a whole day to see every thing. Perhaps, some day, you *will* find yourself there, looking at all these things, and living over again the story of those dear old days, that we can only read about; and, if you do, it will be better than seeing it through somebody else's eyes. — Clio Stanley.

PHILADELPHIA, 1869.

For the Child at Home.

#### LILY BELL.

Upon the floor knelt Lily Bell,  
With books and dolls surrounded;  
And not a thought of care she knew,  
Where wealth and joy abounded.

Close by her side the mother sat,  
And sang, the child unheeding,  
About the cross that Jesus bore,—  
The cross that all are needing.

"A cross!" in wonder Lily cried,  
And dropped her toys and listened:  
While, all unconscious, in her eye  
A crystal tear-drop glistened.

"Is there a cross for every one?  
Then where is mine, my mother?  
And do you bear one every day?  
And has papa another?"

"My darling's cross will surely come,"  
The mother whispered slowly;  
For pain her heart would spare the child,  
But for His will, all holy,

Who, well she knew, the cross for all  
In wisdom had appointed:  
A sacred sign, sealed with the tears  
And blood of his Anointed;

"But what 'twill be we can not tell;  
We must be always waiting,  
And take it in God's time and way,  
With his own consecrating."

So Lily waited. Days and months  
And years passed, swiftly flying,  
When, lo! the maiden found her cross  
Athwart her pathway lying.

She lifted it, and upward toiled,—  
All strength and grace were given,—  
And bore it on, through years of pain,  
Up to the gate of heaven. — H. E. B.

For the Child at Home.

#### OUT OF TUNE.

"Hateful old thing!" exclaimed Lucy Haddington, as she rose from her seat at the piano. "All out of tune. No wonder I can't learn to play!"

A few chords in Lucy's piano were out of tune: but she was more out of tune herself, and, being at fault, strove to lay the blame on some one else, even if it was only a pianoforte.

The above words were the first discordant utterance. Ah! were they any less harsh than the un-tuned strings of her instrument? The next was,—

"Don't see why pa didn't send for the tuner! always putting off!"

O Lucy! there was no sweet music of love in those words! Have you sought the Tuner yourself, this morning, the Great Tuner, whose spirit of love is able to calm your ruffled soul, and cause it to give kind words and pleasant sounds instead of the notes of jarring discord?

Does your father always put off? No, indeed. Have you not, then, added untruthfulness to ill-humor, and censure of others, and neglect of your lessons? How many chords are out of tune; but it need not be, if you will but seek each day to have your spirit attuned with loving-kindness and humility; if you will but learn of Jesus.

Unlike your musical instrument, your heart needs

tuning daily. You need each morning to place before you the image of the holy child Jesus, who never caused his parent's heart a moment's grief by his misconduct. Always patient, gentle, meek, and lowly, he alone can breathe on poor Lucy's spirit, and make it like his own. Ask for this lovable and loving temper. Seek for it, and ye shall find it. "For every one that asketh receiveth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." — M. P. H.

For the Child at Home.

#### FREDDIE AND CARLO.

"I wish I was a great boy, as big as Brother William," said little five-year-old Freddie, "and then I could help you lots; couldn't I, mamma?" he added, stealing one arm gently around his kind mother's neck, from his high perch at her side, and imprinting a warm kiss upon her careworn cheek. "Oh, sha'n't I be glad when I'm a big man! then you won't have to work any more; for I shall take care of you always."

"Ah, Freddie darling! you are a great comfort to me now," replied the fond mother; "and you can do many little things to show your love for your parents, young as you are."

"I can't do much," sighed Freddie. "I am too small."

"Oh, yes, Freddie! you can do a great deal. You can get papa's slippers when he comes home tired at night; you can hand him his evening paper, and save us both many weary steps. And, above all, my



boy, you can mind papa and mamma as soon as they speak, and that will be worth much to your loving parents."

Freddie looked thoughtful, and soon after ran away to play with his faithful old dog Carlo.

"Freddie," called his mother, a few hours later, "Freddie, where are you?"

The child was nowhere to be seen; but Mrs. Osgood judged he was not far off, for she caught a glimpse of Carlo's shaggy tail through the rose-bushes in the garden.

"Carlo, lie still!" whispered Freddie, "that's a good dog. Mamma wants me to go in, I know, and I don't want to: so just keep still a minute; that's a nice fellow."

But Carlo was too honest a dog for that: so he walked straight up to the back-door, looking first into his mistress's face, and then behind, to see if his young playmate was coming.

"Where is the little boy who was so anxious to help me this morning?" again called out mamma; and in a moment up rushed Freddie with a very conscious look upon his rosy face. "I wanted a basket of light wood to kindle the fire for tea; and

I thought I knew of a little boy who would be very happy to go to the woodshed and get it for me: but it seems he did not want to come," she added, gently stroking Freddie's brown curls. "How is this, my boy? Do you really love mamma as much as you thought you did a few hours ago?"

"I—I forgot," stammered Freddie, hanging his head in confusion; but a moment after he started for the basket, and soon had it filled with nice wood and shavings ready for his mother's use.

"There, mamma, haven't I earned a kiss now?" he asked roguishly. "I'm a little boy, you know, and I can't remember as long as you can."

"You can remember to come when mother calls, I hope," said Mrs. Osgood, fondly kissing the affectionate child. "Freddie meant to be a naughty boy just now, if Carlo hadn't set him a better example. Recollect, darling, you are not too young to help me in many ways: and you can surely learn a lesson from our good dog here," she said, tenderly patting brave Carlo's head, "for he always minds as soon as he is spoken to."

Don't let the noble brute get ahead of you, children.

Dewdrop.

For the Child at Home.

#### THE BURDEN-BEARERS.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." Johnny found a new Bible on his table last New-Year's morning, bound in purple morocco, and fastened with a shining clasp. On the fly-leaf his mother's hand had written, "For Johnny Staples, from his mother;" and underneath, "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ. I hope my little son will be one of the Lord's burden-bearers."

Johnny was eleven last October. He can read writing; and he has written two letters to his Grandpa Staples. He thinks he knows "considerable;" but he was a good deal puzzled as he stood at his window that morning, the bright new Bible in his hand.

"I wonder what mother means by a burden-bearer," thought he.

Johnny had two counselors in every perplexity, — his mother and his sister Kitty.

Kitty was two years older than he, and knew, Johnny had to confess, a good deal the most — "about some things." To Kitty, Johnny went, and, bounced into her room just as she was trying to balance the two sides of her last year's cash account. The columns of expenditures were long and very crooked; and the dollars and cents were strangely mixed up together sometimes.

"O Kitty! I want to ask you something," cried Johnny.

"Three and three are six, and two are — oh, no! that's dollars — and four are ten, and seven are seventeen." Kitty did not lift her eyes.

"I found this on my table, Kit; see!" cried Johnny again, this time jogging her elbow.

"One to carry to four is five," pursued Kitty, "and two are seven, and nine."

"Katharine Staples, can't you pay 'tention a minute? I want to ask you something. What are the Lord's burden-bearers?"

Kitty was interested at last. "The Lord's burden-bearers?" repeated she. "I don't know. Let me see your Bible. I went with mother to select it. Don't you think purple is a pretty color?"

"Pretty enough," answered Johnny; "but I want to know about this now."

Kitty read over the text with a thoughtful face, saying, at the same time, "It means something about

helping others, some way, Johnny; but I don't quite know how."

"Let's go and ask mother." And away went brother and sister, with eager, intent faces, to mother's sitting-room.

The poor unbalanced cash-account lay on the floor quite disconsolately; and Kitty forgot all about it. She was sitting on the arm of her mother's rocking-chair, listening, and learning to be a burden-bearer.

"Every one has his burdens, my children," Mrs. Staples was saying; "and we can not bear them alone. Christ will help us if we ask him; and we can help each other very much. There is no one so weak that he can not lift somebody's burden, and so bring rest and comfort to the tired soul. You, Johnny, and Kitty here, can fulfill every day the golden law of Christ, by a kind word or a thoughtful act. The Lord has many burden-bearers, — little children as well as grown people; and he loves them all."

"What shall we do, mother? Whose bundle shall I lift?" asked Johnny.

"You can find ways for yourself, my dear, and I would rather you should. If you want to bear burdens, you will find plenty of them ready to your hand. May God help you, darlings, and give you each, at last, a crown of life!"

How it stormed that day! The snow flew, and the wind chased it hither and thither, and finally settled it down in a great deep drift, right across the gateway.

Not a very good time for bearing burdens, the children thought, since they could not go out of doors; and indoors every one seemed to be strong enough without help.

Just before tea, however, Kitty found a "way." She was standing in front of the kitchen-fire, watching Joanna toast the bread. The girl sighed as she turned the browning slices; and Kitty asked, —

"What is the matter, Joanna?"

"Faith, darlin', I was thinkin' of the could winter they'll be havin' to home, and money so scarce they'll not have clo'es to keep 'em warm. If meself could write them a bit of letter, and send them some of me wages, I'd be that glad!"

"O Joanna!" broke in Kitty, "I'll write the letter for you; I'd be glad to: and father will see about sending your money, I know he will."

Then Kitty knew by the light in Joanna's eye, and the smile on her honest lips, no less than by her broken thanks, that *one* burden was lifted. That night, two heads were bent over a half-written letter, — one rough and black, the other glossy, chestnut brown; and both the helper and the helped felt a new joy that came from "fulfilling the law of Christ." And this was only the first of many burdens that Kitty has borne for others.

Johnny, too, found many ways of lightening "bundles," as he said. Poor Mrs. Hawley, old and deaf, found her paths dug and her kindling nicely split and piled by *somebody*. No one but Johnny and his mother knew who did it, save *one*, the Father of us all, who minds even the sparrows, and will surely never forget one of his little burden-bearers.

Susy Goodridge, confined for weary months to her easy-chair, was delighted by a gift of oranges

and a story-book; and she never knew that Johnny Staples sold all his best "alleys" to get them for her.

Poor, blundering Tommy Richards was helped through a hard arithmetic-lesson, and saved from the teacher's displeasure. Many another heart, too, was made glad and bright by a little word or look, and all this within a single week. Kitty and Johnny are holding on their way, dear children, and they are doing good every day. Do not you wish to join them, and try the happiness of being one of the "Lord's burden-bearers"?

F. W. H.

reeds or brambles; and these nests they occupy for many years, repairing and enlarging them from time to time as necessity requires. Far up, out of the reach of man, they make their home, in lofty trees, and upon high, rocky cliffs. They love their young, and provide most bountifully for them, and defend them with great fierceness if an enemy dares to approach them. They are the terror of other birds, with their hooked beaks, and their long claws, and their piercing eyes, and their swift flight, and the great noise that their wings make as they rush through the air.

There is a very curious provision made for these birds, that are said to be able to look at the sun. It is a membrane, or curtain, that can be folded up

in one corner of the eye, and drawn over the eyeball to shield it when the bright rays are too powerful, as the eagle sits upon his rocky height, and seems to be gazing upward. This is called the *pecting* or *winking* membrane. The ostrich has it as well, to keep his eyes from the desert sands that are tossed by the winds; and animals that have to push their way through thickets; and fishes, to protect their eyes from the marine plants drifting about, and, from the strong light as they approach the surface of the water. See how the wisdom of God is displayed even in this one thing.

The eagle is the emblem of St. John the Evangelist, or gospel-writer, because that beloved disciple speaks more than the others of the divine nature of the blessed Jesus, and so soars very near to our "Sun of righteousness." In nearly all the pictures of this apostle, you will see the figure of the king of birds close at hand; sometimes by his shoulder, with a fold of his robe in its beak, and sometimes by his side or at his feet.

Our dear Lord has been pleased to use this imagery concerning his tender compassion over his people. How beautiful it is! "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: so the Lord did lead Jacob, and there was no strange god with him" (Deut. xxxii. 11, 12). Now read Isa. lxiii. 8, 9. "For he said, Surely they are my people, children that will not lie: so he was their Saviour. In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them. In his love and in his pity he redeemed them; and he bare them and carried them all the days of old."

God has also given this promise to those who wait upon him: "They shall renew their strength: they shall mount up with wings, as eagles."

This bird is said to live a hundred years, and to have increasing vigor every season, as it sheds its old feathers, and puts on the new. I love to think of it in connection with our blessed Lord, and his tender care and gracious promises; and it is pleasant to associate it with the beloved disciple St. John.

F. B. S.

For the Child at Home.

#### BEAUTIFUL LIGHTS.

No. VII.

WILFRED.

"Do you remember the name of the king who was so ready to receive Augustin, and be taught by him the Christian religion, of whom I told you last?" asked Mrs. Barstow in her next talk with Edith.



For the Child at Home.

#### THE KING OF BIRDS.

What a wonderful creature it is, with its great strength, and its power to soar so near to the dazzling sun, and its rapid flight as it descends like a whirlwind, and grasps its prey!

The heathen made it the carrier of the lightning; and nations and princes and armies have chosen it as their symbol. It was the sign of Antioch, and of Tyre, and other ancient cities. The Persians and the Romans had it for their standard, carried on a long pike, and greatly reverenced. Sometimes it was made of wood, then of ivory, afterward of silver and of gold. Napoleon the First adopted the Roman eagle as his banner; the German emperor, Otho Fourth, had it on his seal. King Philip impressed it on his coins; the kings of Prussia, of Poland, of Sicily, of Spain, and of Sardinia, adopted it, and the emperor of Russia also. Besides, you know, it is the national emblem of these United States.

Napoleon's eagle, like that of the Romans, was seated, with its wings folded. Ours stands, with wings outspread, guarding the shield below, on which are the stars and stripes, representing the States of the Union, and the motto, "E pluribus unum."

But it is not of these figures of ivory and wood and of metal that I wish to tell you: these were but the work of men's hands. I want you to know something of the living, feathered bird that God has made, and that shows forth his great glory. There are so many species, that you could scarcely learn of them all in a day. There is the imperial, the largest known, that has its home in the high mountains of Middle Europe; and the golden, in Europe and North America, and the ring-tailed, and the white-tailed, and the bald, and the harpia, and the sea-eagle, and others. They build strong nests of large twigs, lined with several layers of



# THE CHILD AT HOME

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

VOL. X.

AUGUST, 1869.

NO. 8.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.



For the Child at Home.

## AMONG THE BIRDS.

I do not wonder that good old Izaak Walton, when he was listening to the songs of the birds, cried out, "O Lord! what melody hast thou not for us in heaven, when thou providest such music for wicked men here below!" Perhaps I have not quoted his exact words; but this is as I recollect them: and I never hear a bird sing that I do not think of them. Such precious warblings as the little feathered choristers send forth are enough to thrill every soul that really loves sweet music.

And chief among our beautiful birds, for the gushing notes that make us happy, are the robins.

May be you have only been used to the robin-red-

breast, and have never heard of the blue robin, and of the too-whee bunting, or New-England chewink.

I must tell you something of the three, that you may know each separately when you see it upon the trees and hedges. I saw them this morning, not in the glory of life, with their throats full and swelling with melody, but stuffed, and mounted upon little twigs, and shut up in a glass case in the Long-Island Historical Rooms, Brooklyn, where you also may see them if you live near enough to visit the place.

Yet the little fellows spoke to me. How do you think that was? It was as every thing silent that God has made can speak, telling us of the great Creator's power and glory.

I dare say the common redbreast is familiar enough to you all; for he is one of our earliest birds to come North, and he loves to frequent the neighborhood of the houses. He is called the migrating thrush, because he changes his quarters, moving South in the winter, and returning to his Northern home in summer. His breast is a reddish brown, and his back, wings, and tail a dark brown. He has not the brilliancy of the English robin. He builds his nest on the horizontal branch of an apple-tree, or other tree, and sometimes upon the timbers of old buildings; and he is gentle and kind to his mate that lays the pretty blue eggs, and hatches two broods of young in a season. The robin-redder lives upon berries in the winter,—the holly, and the sweet-gum, and the gall-berry, and the poke, and the caperia, and the wild orange, and the Pride of India.

Sometimes these last choke it, so that it falls from the tree, and is easily caught.

The rich crimson juice of the poke-berry colors its flesh; and people, seeing the reddish hue when it is plucked, refuse to eat it, though the flavor of the flesh is not injured. In spring and summer, the robin eats worms and snails and insects and seeds.

When the dogwood is in bloom, and the sassafras fragrant, and the red blossoms of the maple appear, then our pretty robin tunes his pipes, and sings us a song of thanksgiving for the awakening spring-time, with the verdure and flowers.

The blue robin is similar to the redbreast in its habits: therefore the first settlers in Massachusetts called it by this name, instead of bluebird. It has such a pretty blue jacket! and its vest is a reddish yellow, with white small-clothes below.

The beautiful fellow sits on a mullein-stalk, and watches for the grasshoppers, and pounces down upon them when he is hungry.

He loves the Southern fruits,—figs and persimmons,—and eats grapes with a good relish. It builds its nest in the hollow of a decaying tree, or some other retired situation, lest the cuckoo come and suck the eggs, as it sometimes does. Pretty blue eggs the female lays, from four to six, and raises two, and often three broods in a season. I think she wins her winter-trip to the South.

The too-whee bunting builds its nest in the ground, and is often called the ground-robin. It chooses a field of rye-grass, or timothy, or clover; and it lines its earthy hole with dried grass, and lays five white eggs with specks and lines of black.

The top of this bird's head is greenish yellow; the neck a dark ashen gray; the back a rusty red, touched with black; the wings and tail of a darker hue, without the black spots; the chin white; and the throat a heart-shaped patch of deep black, with a white edge. The breast is a dull yellow, and the abdomen a grayish white. The ground-robin's song consists of two notes to the words, "Chip, chip," and "Che, che, che," or, as some people hear it, "Che-wink."

He must think it very fine; for he loves to mount to the top of some half-grown tree, and pour it forth for an hour at a time.

I like better the redbreast and the bluebird, do not you? Perhaps you like best of all the ruby-throated humming-bird, — a beautiful little creature that looks like a brilliant cluster of gems floating about in the sunlight, with his green and gold head and back, and his wings and tail a purplish brown, and his ruby carmine necklace sparkling with every graceful movement, as he flutters over the honey-cups of the flowers.

The nest is upon a low branch, and is lined with thistle or some other vegetable down, and covered with moss; and the bird lays two cunning little white eggs.

The female does not have the brilliant necklace that is so dazzling to behold as the sun strikes upon it.

The humming-bird has no song but a little single chirp no louder than that of a cricket. The noise it makes when flying is the whirring of the wings.

The little fellow is cunning enough to feign death when caught in a wire net; but will revive, and fly away, if left free.

I have no doubt it is very much frightened when a big giant tries to imprison it. Think how you would feel if some great creature, two or three hundred times your size, should take possession of you, and shut you up in a cage.

It is pleasanter to think of the birds in the freedom that God has bestowed upon them, especially these native birds, that come and go with the seasons, and know how to take care of themselves. I forgot,—not of themselves: our heavenly Father careth for them, and surrounds them with flowers and fruits and all things needful.

Shall he not much more care for you and me? I am sure he will. And shall not we sing to him a song of praise and thanksgiving? I shall. Will you?

Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

#### THE HARDENED PALM.

I know a boy the palm of whose hand has grown quite hard. The skin which covers it has become very thick, and has so little feeling, in some places, that, should you prick it with a pin, he would hardly notice it. It is not many years since a very slight prick would have caused him to cry out. Any thing a very little warm would have seemed to him very hot; and any thing cold would have made his hands ache. But now, no matter how cold the skate-blade is, he can off with his mittens, and fix it, and never dream that he has done something he could not have done a few years ago. At the bottom of each finger there is a little hard place in the flesh. I suppose this was caused by handling the bat and ball, drawing the sled-rope, climbing trees and fences. This skin on the palm of his hands is growing thicker and harder every day. I do not suppose it will ever go back, and be as soft again as it was three years ago. It certainly will not, unless he gives up handling such hard things, and binds up his hands in some kind of softening oil. But, of course, John will never do that. It is manly to have a good stout hand. Every one who is a diligent worker has a hard, honest palm to show in proof, and this is what John means to have. I like him all the better for it. I wonder if your hand is any thing like his. Just turn it over and see.

But John is not a Christian; and what troubles me is the thought that these same years which have covered his palm with the hard skin have also been hardening his heart. He sometimes speaks unkind words, he sometimes has selfish thoughts and feelings; and the use of these things has made the hard places come in his heart, just as surely as the bat and ball have caused them in his hands. Some-

times Jesus has tried to come into his heart; but he has struggled with him, and driven him away: and this effort has made his heart-covering grow very thick indeed. A few years ago, a slight wrong action would have made him very sorry; but, now he can do that same act, and not mind any thing about it, because he has become so accustomed to doing it. Not a great while ago, his conscience would prick him sharply for doing wrong; but now he scarcely notices the pricks, his heart-covering has grown so hard: and it is growing harder and thicker every day. I do not suppose it will ever go back again to the tenderness and feeling it had three years ago. It certainly never will, unless he gives up using the things which have hardened it. Oh! should not you think he would stop this very day, and not let the hardening go on any longer?

If he would only allow the love of Jesus to come in, it would be like a precious oil to bring the softness back. I wonder if your heart is any thing like his. I wish you would turn it over, as you just did your hand, and see.

Lettie Ray.



#### HE LEADETH THE BLIND.

I wish you children could have gone with me to Music Hall, Boston, one afternoon, a few weeks ago. Do you say, "That's a foolish wish, because the hall wouldn't hold so many: we are 'three hundred thousand strong'?"

Well, what I mean is, that I would have liked it if you could have been there; because there was an exhibition by the pupils of the "Institute for the Blind," at South Boston. Their teachers want to have the people help them in getting a new home for the blind; and how can this be done better than by showing how well the pupils learn, and how much they can be taught to do?

Would you believe that blind children can sew and knit, and play on the piano, and recite in arithmetic and geography and geometry, and even read? I saw them do all these things, and more besides.

It pleased me to see them come in on the platform. How carefully they walked, trusting to the one that guided them so gently! Their guide would go behind two or three of them, and show them the way so skillfully, that you would hardly think at first that their eyes were sealed up. No wonder that I thought of that beautiful verse, "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not"! God, our dear Father, looks ahead for us, and leads us, because we are all blind to the future. It is good to

be guided by his word and his hand, though we can not see his glorious face.

When they were all in their places, you would have said, "Why, there is a great band of musicians." — And so there was. They had drums and flutes and clarionets and horns, and I don't know how many other instruments, — more than there are described in the Book of Daniel, when the golden image was set up. One little bit of a girl was brought in among the last, and she had a triangle-wire; so she belonged to the band too. By and by every thing was ready for the exhibition to begin. I saw the drummers *feeling* their drums to see if all was right. Every one was attentive, and all at once there came a grand burst of music. It was "Hail Columbia;" and well played it was, and the people cheered them when it was done. All felt that it was a good beginning.

After this, the great thick Bibles were brought out; and some boys and girls stood up in a row, and read in order, just as you do in school. They did what you can't do, — they read *without looking on the book*. The letters and words were like what you read; but, instead of being printed in ink on smooth paper, the letters were *pressed into the paper* from the under side, and the children read by passing their fingers over the lines. After the reading there was a very sweet song, then came recitations in arithmetic and other branches. I haven't time to tell you about all the exercises; but I left the hall saying to myself, "He leadeth the blind by a way that they knew not." God cares for them wonderfully, by giving to their friends the skill to teach them. He gives them the same precious Bible that he has given you. How many blind eyes were opened when Jesus was on earth! This shows how it will be in heaven. There will be no night there, and no blindness. All eyes will "see the King in his beauty."

Another thing I thought of was this: that it is worse to have a blind heart than to have sightless eyes. Our hearts are blind if we do not see and feel the love that God has to us in sending Jesus to be our Saviour.

The picture which you see on this page shows you a part of the scene which I saw. Some of you have heard of the "great organ." You can see a part of it in the picture; but you would not know how large it is; for it fills almost the whole of the end of the hall, reaching nearly from the floor to the ceiling. The children were on the platform in front of it. The music of the organ is grand; but the voices of those blind children reading the word of God, was grander and more wonderful.

Uncle Ed.

For the Child at Home.

#### CHARLIE'S STRUGGLE.

"Charlie Grey may remain in his seat when school is dismissed," said Miss Adams to one of her pupils, just before the close of school. Charlie looked "mad enough," as some of his little playmates would say; but he dared not do otherwise than obey.

When all the other scholars had gone, and no one remained in the school-room but Charlie and his teacher, Miss Adams walked over to Charlie's seat, and sat down by his side; but those bright eyes of his would not look up to her sad face.

Charlie knew he had been a naughty boy; but Satan was whispering in his ear, —

"No matter if you were; don't tell your teacher you are sorry."

"Charlie, how came you to be so troublesome this afternoon, playing yourself, and making all the boys about you play?" inquired Miss Adams.

Not one word in reply from Charlie, though he knew he had grieved his kind and loving teacher.

But she did not remind him of this. Oh, no! it was of Jesus, the children's friend, Miss Adams talked; for Charlie had thought he loved the pre-

cious Saviour; and so she told him how he had grieved that blessed one, and was serving Satan, the enemy of all good.

Charlie could not but listen while his teacher talked; and as she saw the color rush to his face, and the tears start in his eyes, she hoped he was ready to acknowledge his fault.

But no; Satan did not mean to let him slip from his grasp so easily; and, when his teacher waited to hear the words of penitence, Charlie burst forth,—

"What do you talk to me so for? I won't hear you talk so;" and, seizing his hat, he sprang to his feet.

Miss Adams laid her hand gently on his shoulder.

"You sha'n't hold me: I will go!" exclaimed the angry boy.

"No, Charlie, I shall not hold you. I shall not rise from my seat to prevent your going; but you *must not* leave the room," was the calm reply.

Charlie looked at his teacher to see if she was in earnest, hesitated a moment, but, listening to Satan, moved toward the door.

Miss Adams saw the fearful struggle going on in that young spirit, and turned to Jesus for help.

He had reached the door, but once more glanced back at his teacher.

"Remember, Charlie: I say you *must not* go," was her reply to that glance.

But the words had scarcely passed her lips before the boy was outside, and the door closed. In silent prayer, Miss Adams waited the result.

Presently the door opened. In walked Charlie, and quietly took his seat; while Miss Adams's heart went up in thankfulness to Him who had heard her cry.

Once more she began to talk to Charlie of Jesus, and his love for the poor, tempted children of earth; and the boy was at once melted to tears. And when she proposed to him to kneel by her side while she asked Jesus to save him from "the wiles of the Devil," Charlie did not hesitate to comply.

More than this, when his teacher's prayer was ended, Charlie, in his own childish language, begged Jesus to forgive his sins, and make him a good boy, and help him mind his teacher.

Boys, did you ever have a struggle like Charlie's? If so, who gained the victory? Did Satan only lead you farther from God and his love? or did you at last, like Charlie, throw yourself right down at Jesus' feet, and ask him to forgive you, and help you do right?

Dear little readers, that is the way, the only right way. Jesus has been "in all points tempted like as we are." Yes, he was once a child, and so he knows the temptations of children. He would have "us, therefore, come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

Remember, dear boys and girls, as long as you will listen to Satan, he will keep close beside you; but it is written in the Word of all truth, "Resist the Devil, and he will flee from you." Then —

"Watch and fight and pray,  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore."

#### GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

We ask the children to read these resolutions, which have been adopted by a Sunday-school class. Wouldn't you like to have them for *your* resolutions?

1. Resolved, that we will "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."

2. That we will read a portion of God's word every day, and in earnest prayer ask him to enlighten our minds, so that we may know and do just what our heavenly Father desires to have us do.

3. That we will attend church, and be present in the Sabbath school every Sabbath during the year

upon which we this day enter, unless providentially detained.

4. That we will try and have a perfect lesson every Sabbath.

5. That, with God's help, we will keep sacred the pledge made last year, "to abstain from the use of tobacco and all intoxicating drinks."

6. That we will try with our whole heart so to treasure up the truth of God's word, which we learn from Sabbath to Sabbath, that we may be made wise unto salvation.

7. That, with God's help, we will strive so to live each day, that, when the summons of death shall come, we may be prepared to depart in peace; and, at the judgment-day, all be found at the right hand of the Judge.



For the Child at Home.

In the year 1756, there was a terrible earthquake in Portugal, which destroyed a large part of the city of Lisbon. Six thousand of its inhabitants were killed in a few minutes.

Many people went to see the ruins of the city; and for this purpose an English gentleman named Howard took passage in a packet going to that place. But at this time England was at war with France; and a French privateer took the packet, and carried the passengers and sailors to an old castle in Brest, where they were thrown into a vile dungeon. Here they were treated like wild beasts in a cage.

How sad they felt! But the good and wise God, who permitted this to occur, had an excellent reason for it. No doubt he had a kind purpose toward each one of these passengers and sailors; but we do not know what it was, except in one instance.

Mr. Howard was preparing by God for a great work. After he had been in the dungeon of Brest, suffering from dampness and hunger, a little more than a week, he was removed to another place. Here, like Joseph of old in the Egyptian dungeon, he obtained the good opinion of the jailer, who came to have so much confidence in his word, that, on his promising him that he would not run away, he allowed him to walk about the town. After he had been under the care of this kind jailer about two months, he told Mr. Howard he might go to England, and try if he could not get the government to exchange a French prisoner for him. In case he could not succeed in this, he was to return to France, and give himself up to his jailer.

Mr. Howard's friends were overjoyed to see him; but he told them they were too fast: it would be

well to wait and see if he could remain with them. It was not usual to exchange a private individual like Mr. Howard; but the English Government did him this favor; and, as soon as he found he was free, he began to labor for the men who had been his companions in the prisons of France. He was so persevering and determined that they, too, should be released, that he succeeded; and all these prisoners of war were sent back to England.

Some years after this, Mr. Howard was chosen high sheriff of the county of Bedford. It was then the custom for the high sheriff to hire another man, called deputy sheriff, to do all the drudgery of the office. But Mr. Howard was too conscientious to do this. He looked after the work himself, and he found, to his astonishment, that a great reform was needed here. The prisons were so small and damp, they were so crowded, and had such poor ventilation, that a dreadful distemper, called "jail-fever," used to break out among the prisoners; and this fever was contagious, so that the jailers would neglect the sick, and leave them to die. And these prisoners were not always criminals: they were many of them debtors, who were shut up with the worst of men.

Mr. Howard began his work in Bedford Jail, where John Bunyan, who wrote, you know, "The Pilgrim's Progress," was shut up for twelve years, for his religion. Then he visited all the county jails in England, and learned all about them. While he was doing this, some of his friends petitioned Parliament to take measures for securing the health of the prisoners, and, when he returned from his tour, he went before Parliament, and related what he had discovered. The House of Lords and House of Commons both returned him thanks, and from that time began to improve the prisons. Next, this good man went to London, and examined the prisons there, also the houses of correction, where he found a deal to reform. Then he went over Scotland and Ireland in the same way, and published what he learned. After this, he visited the prisons in France and Holland. He found in Holland some excellent prison regulations: the Dutch prisoners were required to be very orderly and industrious. Howard wrote a book about what he saw, which was sold for such a low price, that it became widely spread in his native land, and did a vast amount of good. After a time, he went to Germany on the same errand, and then to Italy. In this last-named country, he found awful dungeons, most loathsome and cruel. He went without fear to those in authority, and represented to them the state of their prisoners. This he did everywhere: through Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Russia, Portugal, and even Spain, he went without hesitation, and was allowed to examine all prisons, the Inquisition not excepted. No English Protestant had ever been in that terrible place, unless as a prisoner, until Howard entered it. He had so much medical knowledge, that he did much good among the sick. One visit to the prisons of a country he did not consider sufficient, but revisited some of them five times. All this time he paid his own expenses, and would accept no money, though offered him by the rich and noble. He did not do this disagreeable work for money, he did not do it for a great name; for, when there was an attempt to raise a monument to him, he stopped the proceeding as soon as he heard of it. It was not pleasant going into filthy prisons, among wicked men, many of them sick with disgusting diseases. Why do you suppose he chose to spend his life in this manner? It was entirely, I think, from love to Jesus, and pity for the poor, miserable beings for whom he died.

After doing much of this missionary work in Turkey, he went again to Russia, where he labored as a physician in the military and naval hospitals. A young lady, twenty miles away from the place where he was prescribing, was very, very ill; and her friends entreated him to go and see if he could do any thing for her. The young lady

## THE CHILD AT HOME.

For the Child at Home.

## BEWARE.

Music by MR. J. L. ENSIGN.

Words by MRS. H. E. BROWN.

2.

Little one, beware! beware!  
Venture not where sinners are!  
Join not pleasure's giddy round,  
Heed not mirth's seducing sound,  
Step not, though it be in play,  
From the strait and narrow way.  
Beware! beware!

3.

Little one, beware! beware!  
One wrong deed, oh, do not dare!  
Smallest sin may lead to ill  
Time nor toil can ever heal;  
Watch, then, little one, and pray,  
Lest thou lose the narrow way.  
Beware! beware!

was past his help, and died; and her benevolent physician, who had escaped the worst infection to which for years he had exposed himself, took her disorder. The time had come for him to go to a better country, where none ever say, "I am sick."

He requested that this inscription alone might be placed over his grave, "Christ is my hope." His trust was not in the good works he had done, but in his dear Lord. And "when the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory. Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me."

Una Locke.



For the Child at Home.

## TINEY, SPECK, AND BROWNIE.

There was an old barn which served as a home for a number of cats of all sizes and colors; and in one corner of it was a nice little lodging-place for mice, though they had to be very careful, and not go out to take their meals until they had looked all about them to see that none of the cats, their greatest enemy, were about, lest they should pounce upon them, and make a meal of them.

Among the mice who lodged in the barn was one little mouse named Tiney.

He was out one day trying to find something to eat, when he was struck by a stray stone, and, in

consequence, lost one of his little bright eyes. Oh, how he cried! If it had not been for his brother and sister, he could not have found his way back into his little home; but as soon as they heard his sorrowful cry, they ran to him at once, and, in the sweet little tones which only mice can use, they drew him home.

His mother, as soon as she saw how he was injured, took her paw, and, putting it into a small pool of water, shook it over the wounded eye, which act she never tired of doing till it was healed; but poor little Tiney never saw again with that eye.

His little brother Speck, and his still smaller sister Brownie, did all they could to comfort him. Whenever he wanted to go out round the barn, they would leave playing with the other mice that lodged near them, and run out before him, looking carefully round to see that no danger was near. Day after day, they would bring him stray crumbs of bread, a potato-paring, or a piece of a nut, that they would pick out of the pails that stood in the backyards of the houses near. Sometimes they would be so fortunate as to find a bit of cheese, which the mice like as well as you little children do candy. Instead of hiding away, and eating it themselves, they would hurry home with it to dear little Tiney; and when they saw how thankful he was to them, they were more than repaid for denying themselves.

I wonder how many little boys and girls, if they should have an orange, or a piece of cake, or any other nice thing, given to them, would hurry home to share it with their little brothers or sisters!

Tell the truth, now, children, and say if you would not be more like little Jack Horner, and go into a corner.

You don't know how much happier you would be if you should try and be generous; not only because it is right, but that you may make others happy.

Aunt Faith.

For the Child at Home.  
THE LITTLE MISSIONARY.

"Mamma, I wish I could be a missionary, and go off among the heathen. How much good I could do if I were only old enough to go to foreign lands, and tell those poor creatures about Jesus, and show them how to come to him! Oh, if I were only a woman, I believe that is the first thing I would do."

"My dear," replied Mrs. Curtis quietly, "you can be a missionary now, young as you are."

"Me a missionary now!" exclaimed Lottie in great astonishment. "What do you mean, mamma?"

"I mean that you can be one here, my child. It is not necessary to go to distant countries; there are plenty of heathen right here in our city: you meet them every day."

"And what good could I do here, mamma?" asked Lottie incredulously.

"As much good here as anywhere, my dear, if you are so disposed. I could mention many of your young acquaintances, to whom you could be of great service, though I do not consider them all heathen, by any means," continued her mother, smiling. "A kind act here, a gentle word there, and loving Christian behavior at all times toward those with whom you are brought in contact, will make you a true missionary here in your own little circle. I do not wish to have you think, my daughter, that I disapprove of missionaries going to foreign lands to preach the gospel to the heathen. It is a glorious work, and I would do all in my power to help the cause. But we can not all do this; and there is a great work to be done in our own land. Try, Lottie; begin at once, and see if you can not be a missionary right here at home."

And Lottie did try, and found a vast field of labor even in her own limited circle. Her bright and shining example spoke volumes for her Redeemer; and soon her work was extended, and she became indeed a blessed missionary to several forsaken little ones, to whom the name of Jesus was almost unknown.

Lottie was by no means perfect; but she had a winning, loving manner, which endeared her to all her young companions: hence her influence among them was unbounded. True, some of her mates looked with scorn upon the "little missionary," as they called her; but Lottie bore their unkind remarks with a quiet patience, for in her heart was that sweet peace which the world can not give nor take away.

"O mamma!" she exclaimed, a few weeks later, "it is a blessed thing to be a missionary; and one can do, as you said, a world of good right here at home. Only yesterday, I talked with Maggie and Emma Burns (those children who have a drunken father, and no mother) about the Saviour; and, would you believe it? the poor little things did not know that Jesus died to save them, and never said a prayer in their lives until I taught them one. Isn't it shocking, mamma? They are going to Sunday school next Sabbath, and there are other poor little neglected children I know of, who are just as ignorant as they. Oh! I find my hands more than full, dear mother."

How is it with you, young reader? Do you find any missionary work to be done? Can you not follow Lottie's noble example? If so, a glorious reward will be yours; for we are assured that "in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

Dewdrop.

THE CHILD AT HOME  
Is published monthly by  
The American Tract Society, 164 Tremont Street, Boston.

## TERMS.—ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

FOR THE PLAIN EDITION.

Single copies, per annum, to one address.....	\$0 80
Six " " "	1 00
Fifty " " "	7 50
One hundred " " "	12 00

FOR THE COLORED EDITION.

Less than ten copies, at the rate of fifty cents per annum.	
Ten copies or over, at the rate of forty cents per annum.	

The postage, which, for packages to one address not weighing over four

ounces, is three cents per quarter, — large packages in the same ratio, — is to be paid at the office of delivery.

Articles intended for insertion in this paper may be addressed to the "EDITOR OF THE CHILD AT HOME," 164 Tremont Street, Boston.

Orders for the paper should be addressed to JAMES WATSON, 164 Tremont Street, Boston. Remittances should be made by draft, Post-office

order, or registered letter.

Rand, Avery, & Frye, Printers, 3 Cornhill, Boston.

# THE CHILD AT HOME

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

VOL. X.

SEPTEMBER, 1869.

NO. 9.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.



## A ROYAL RESTING-PLACE.

TO-DAY I am thinking of a brilliant chamber in the earth. It is prepared by what is called the upholsterer bee, sometimes the poppy bee.

She makes her nest about three inches deep, gradually widening as it descends, and shaped like a bottle. The inside is very smooth and even. When the cavity is shaped to her liking, the bee flies away to select adornments. She knows that God's storehouse is at her command, how many brilliant things are hung out here and there to please and tempt her. Her eye is delighted with the scarlet poppy. She eschews every thing else, and settles upon that. She clips off little oval pieces, seizes them between her legs, and carries

them triumphantly home. She spreads a carpet on the floor, three or four leaves in thickness, and covers the walls with two or more folds of the bright fabric, cutting and trimming neatly with the cunning instruments that are better to her than our scissors to us. We could not possibly make an edge so even.

When she has lined her chamber with this elegant tapestry, and spread it over the very threshold of the door, she fills the place with the pollen of flowers mixed with honey, to the depth of half an inch. In this store of provisions she lays an egg, and covers it with the poppy-leaves, folded down from above.

Then she fills in the earth over her infant treas-

ure, content to await the time when it shall burst into new being.

She does not fold her wings, and watch gloomily by this earth-covered spot where her darling lies; but away in the blessed air and sunshine she sings of God and heaven. He has the keys of death and the grave. She is not afraid to trust her baby to his care and keeping. His eye never slumbers nor sleeps. He will, in his own good time, say, "Come forth!" and then the ceremonies will unfold, and her little one will shine transfigured before her.

Did you ever see a little casket ready for the grave? How careful the mother is to have it beautifully prepared for her baby! There is the soft white satin bed, and pillows with lace to shield the quiet face. She gathers sweet flowers, and spreads them over her darling; and, when every thing is ready, she stands to see the earth filled in above the tiny form. Does she remember, as she turns away and leaves her treasure there, that God keeps loving watch? Does she recollect that the burial-ground is God's acre, and that the little body lying there is the seed of the resurrection, and that by and by it shall spring up gloriously?

I am afraid too many mothers think only of the little chamber in the earth as a prison-house of gloom. I wish they would learn from my cheerful bee to turn hopefully from the quiet sleeping-place, and rejoice in the good gifts that are left to them in this world, and await with happy anticipation the springtime, and the beautiful harvest that shall come from that field of apparent dearth.

I wish they would comfort themselves with the thought, "What a royal resting-place my baby has! How sweetly and softly the little head is pillow'd! How green the grass is, and how fragrant the flowers are, above the tiny bed!" or, "How pure the snowy covering lies above it, and how the winter birds come to sing in the sunlight on the evergreen trees!" How lovingly our heavenly Father holds the precious one in his almighty care, and how joyful a time it will be when we also have had our last sleep in the ground, and, together with our dear baby, shall awake and arise to be for ever with the Lord!

Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

## THE FOOLISH LITTLE BOY.

BY ROSE WINN.

A boy was one day playing in the street with a small brass cannon.

He knew it was against the law to fire it in the street; but he loved so dearly to see the flash and hear the loud report, and was so proud of displaying it to his companions, that, when he could see no blue-coated policeman in sight, he would take the opportunity to fire it.

At last, just as he had applied the match, a policeman, with the well-known silver star, turned the corner in full view.

Never had that badge looked so hateful to the

boy before. Thoroughly frightened, he lost all self-possession, and, without stopping to think, clapped his hand over the mouth of the cannon, as if with the idea of smothering the report. Of course, his hand was dreadfully torn, and, perhaps, disabled for life.

Was he not a foolish boy? You wouldn't do such a silly thing, I suppose. But let me tell you, whenever you do any thing wrong, and try to hide it, it is just like putting your hand over the mouth of the cannon.

It will be found out sooner or later, depend upon it. And every hidden sin makes a scar on your soul, blacker and more hideous than the gunpowder on the poor boy's hand.

For the Child at Home.

#### BEAUTIFUL LIGHTS.

NO. VIII.

"Mother," said Edith, in their next conversation together, "I have been thinking of one thing about some of these beautiful lights, that I do not quite understand. Was not Gregory, who sent Augustin to Britain as a missionary, *himself* a Roman bishop?"

"Yes. And *several* of those of whom I have been telling you as beautiful lights in the Church were also bishops. Winfred was an archbishop."

"Well, was there a pope then?"

"No. The bishop then was regarded as standing at the head of the whole Church. There was a bishop at Constantinople, as well as a bishop at Rome; and, although they disputed which had the greatest power, neither of them for a long time presumed to call himself a universal head of the Church. Five hundred and eighty-seven years after Christ, however, John, the bishop of Constantinople, first made this great claim; and it is curious now to notice *who it was* that denounced this claim as being altogether wrong and out of character. It was Gregory the Great of Rome, who expressly said that such a claim to the title of universal bishop 'was profane, anti-christian, and infernal, by whomsoever assumed.' This was, of course, *before* a pope had claimed universal power and infallibility. Errors crept slowly and by degrees into the church. Wilfred lived in a time of great darkness. The sixth century, with regard to literature, has been called 'almost a blank.' Christian beliefs were corrupted. Penance for sin was enjoined. Outward work, such as building churches, and forming monasteries, was more regarded than pure hearts and Christ-like lives. Gregory himself made great use of *relics*, and taught about the purifying of souls by the fires of purgatory, while the people were deluded enough to believe all manner of foolish notions; such, for example, as that 'oil taken from lamps which burned at the tombs of martyrs possessed wonderful virtue,' — the first idea, perhaps, of 'holy oil.'

"New ceremonies were introduced into the churches, the study of which throws light on many of the Catholic customs of to-day.

"Gregory introduced himself the use of 'splendid apparatus' at the celebration of the Lord's Supper. All this was before and during the life of Wilfred. And of the seventh century, in which he lived, it has been said that 'true religion lay buried under a mass of senseless superstitions, and was unable to raise her head.' The earlier Christians had worshiped only God and his Son; but those called Christians in this age worshiped the wood of a cross, the images of holy men, and bones. The early Christians placed heaven and hell before the view of men; these latter depicted a fire prepared to burn off the imperfections of the soul. Any one who in such days of darkness stood up for a pure worship, and for Christ as the true Saviour, was a light worthy of notice, although not burning with all the clearness of many in later days. And now I will tell you of such a one."

"First, will you please tell me when the reign of the first pope began?"

"I am glad you wish to understand this, even at the expense of a story. It was, in the opinion of many, in 606, when the Church of Rome was declared to be 'first of all the churches'; but the pope was not then regarded as the 'head over all the kings of the earth.' Emperors and kings had a superior power. The title of Spiritual Head of the Church was bestowed on the pope in 755, when, at the request of Pope Stephen II., King Pepin bestowed this power upon St. Peter and his church. His son and successor, Charlemagne, confirmed this in the year 774; and from this time many date the beginning of what is called 'anti-christ.'

"This was over sixty years after the death of Archbishop Wilfred: so that before that time, at least, you need not be troubled about the beautiful lights of whom we have talked, because they were called bishops or archbishops."

"Was it a bishop of whom you were going to tell me next?" asked Edith.

"No; but of a noble man who *declined* the office of a bishop. His name was Severinus. It is not



certainly known where he was born. He had an idea in early life that he could be a better Christian by living alone. So he went to one of the deserts in the East, and tried the effect of solitude. But he knew of the darkness and ignorance of other nations, and was led to feel that such a life was *selfish*; and he left his desert home, and became a missionary or teacher among a rude people on the banks of the River Danube. This was long before the days of the pope, in 453.

"This country was troubled with wars. The people were poor and wretched in every sense of the word. He did not go to them in their poverty, dressed in costly robes, and clad in warm furs; but he did as Christ did when he came among us. He *voluntarily* denied himself comforts, and bore great inconveniences cheerfully, to set them an example in their real necessity. He even went barefooted among them, when so cold that the Danube was frozen over, gathering food and collecting clothing for them, and ministering in every way within his power to their comfort, and at the same time teaching them religious truth, and urging them to trust in God.

"A great many persons responded to his appeals for the needy; and he would collect them together, sometimes in a church, and give them the articles as he judged they were most needed. First he

would pray with them, and then begin his work of giving with saying, 'Praised be the name of the Lord!'

"He labored among this people over twenty years."

J. P. B. For the Child at Home.

#### THE HEAVENLY COLOR.

"Mamma, I wish I might always dress in white," said Laura one day, as she stood robed for a child's festival to which she was going. And when Mrs. Henderson looked upon her darling, in the frock of dainty Swiss, tied with a broad blue ribbon, her rosy cheeks and bright eyes all glowing with pleasant excitement, she wished so too. Her child seemed very lovely in the mother's eyes; the more so, as from her gentle manners and sweet spirit and daily conscientious endeavors came a pleasing testimony that she was indeed a child of grace, one of the lambs of the Good Shepherd's fold.

But she wanted at this moment to find out what the little girl was thinking of. Laura was a strange child. Her quaint, odd fancies showed a thoughtfulness and maturity beyond her ten years; and her mother liked to draw her out from time to time, that she might understand more fully what was passing in her little heart. So now she simply replied to her remark by the question, "Why, my dear?"

"Because, mamma, the angels dress in white, and I want to be an angel."

"What makes you think the angels are all clad in white, my dear?"

"Why, mamma, I can show you ever so many places in the Bible where it says so. Don't you like to read in Revelations? I do. It seems almost like being in heaven."

Then the child ran for her little Testament with the red cover and gilt edges, that never had a chance to get dusty, it was used so much; and, turning over the pages, she began to read, —

"They shall walk with me in white." Don't you see, mamma? Walk in heaven, it means. And the very next verse says, 'He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment.' Then it speaks of the four and twenty elders sitting around the throne, 'clothed in white raiment; and they had on their heads crowns of gold.'

"But those were the elders, my dear."

"But wait a minute, mamma. After this, I behold, and lo! a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed in white robes, and palms in their hands. There, doesn't that mean everybody who goes to heaven? Then one of the elders asked, 'Who are these that are arrayed in white robes?' And the answer was, 'These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' Now that means everybody, doesn't it? for everybody has tribulation, you know, mamma; and none can get to heaven unless their robes are washed, and made white in Jesus' blood. So I am sure white is the heavenly color."

"You do not suppose that we shall really wear white robes, my darling, in heaven, do you? What do you think it means?"

"Why, I think that we shall be so pure, that there will seem to be a light, white robe all about us."

"Yes, white is the emblem of purity; and that is the reason it is spoken of as the raiment of heaven. In that same book, the whole company of heaven is spoken of as 'the wife of the Lamb, made ready for the marriage, arrayed in fine linen, clean and white; for the fine linen is the righteousness of the saints.' I think, too, it is an emblem of the glory there. You know, when all the colors are mingled together in true proportions, white is produced. So the rays of the sun are a perfect white. It is only when the ray is broken by passing through an imperfect medium that we see different colors, — red,

blue, or green. So that white is the emblem of perfect happiness as well as of perfect holiness."

"Dear mamma, how beautiful to think of all this! I want more than ever always to dress in white; for it will make me always think of heaven and the angels, and of Jesus too."

"My dear, try to have the spirit within always arrayed in the pure robe of Jesus' perfect righteousness, which is better still."

H. E. B.

For the Child at Home.

**I WILL FIGHT."**

"And, mother, you would fight, too," said Jack Watkins. "Nobody can stand such treatment. It seems wonderfully easy at home to think I can overcome evil with good. But, when my temper is up, away go all my resolutions. Besides, the more I bear from those boys, the more I may. Abel gets along; he can somehow smile off his trouble. But I have seen Ned's eye fire up many a time, as though he felt just as I do. We are hooted at because we don't swear, cuffed and knocked about because we will not fight; and I believe they do think we are 'little good-for-nothings.' I pitched into a boy today, and gave him as good as he sent. If the boys attack me after this, they will learn who is the strongest."

"That is not the best way," said Mrs. Watkins.

"But it is the only way, mother."

"There is a way that is right," she answered. "Jesus was treated worse than you ever can be. His example is for us to follow. You must not fight."

That last sentence sank very heavily into Jack's heart. "I wish mother had left out the *must*," thought he, as he took his cap, and went out. "Now I *must* mind, whether or no."

Tumult was in his soul. He hastily crossed the yard and the garden which lay so quiet and peaceful in its border of flowers, and, following a little path through the pasture back of the house, climbed a steep hill, scrambled among rocks and briers, and seated himself where he could be unseen, to think over his grievances.

Here, "I will fight," and "You must not fight," had a terrible combat.

God saw the unhappy boy; the birds sang over his head; the soft breezes fanned his cheek. Jesus sent his Holy Spirit to convince him that he was all wrong. But Jack did not know this. He thought he set himself right.

"I will go home and fight the wood-pile," said he aloud, "and see if I can not be brave somewhere."

He ran cheerfully on, stopping now and then to gather mosses and wild flowers for his mother, not even dreaming that she was at the same time praying that he might have true courage, — courage to please God rather than men.

As he handed her the flowers, there was something in her eye that seemed to say to him, "You will mind?" Jack's heart answered, "Yes, mother, I will mind;" but neither smiled, neither spoke, and Jack was off to saw a big pile of wood. Mrs. Watkins arranged the flowers in a beautiful vase, and watered them with tears of joy.

I can not tell you all the encouragements and discouragements Jack had after this. He and his brothers did not fight. They did not swear. After a time, they were no longer sneered at by the boys. They won the love and respect of older people.

I said they did not fight. This was a mistake. A card Jack made and hung up in their room; some years after, will help you guess what kind of fighting they wished to engage in.

He cut out letters from printed advertising sheets, and pasted them on Bristol board. The letters were of various colors, bright and beautiful, and were neatly arranged in these mottoes: —

**"FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT."**

**"GOD IS LOVE."**

**FROM RALEIGH, N.C.**

Some months ago, we published a request for well-saved copies of "The Child at Home," to be sent to a teacher in Raleigh. Here is something about that: —

"Many, many thanks to the readers of 'The Child at Home' for the nice papers they have sent us. We have received papers from almost every State from Maine to Oregon. They have come from Sarah, Jennie, Lillie, Carrie, Gracie, Willie, Charlie, and a host of others. Our school is much larger since we received the papers: we hope they will continue to send them. Might not other children help the Sabbath schools in the South by sending papers to the teachers?"

E. P. HAYES."



For the Child at Home.

**TOMMY ON THE FENCE.**

Tommy lived in California. He went there many years ago, when it was not so easy accomplishing the journey as it is now. There was no railroad across the Isthmus of Darien then, and Tommy had to ride a mule, the thought of which was not at all disagreeable to a lively boy who had read "Robinson Crusoe," and was longing for adventures. But he found himself somewhat tired before the day's ride was over. His little sister rode in front of a native, on another mule; and, long before they reached the end of their tedious ride, had snuggled her head down under the brawny man's arm, and was fast asleep. Their mother was assisted along; I do not exactly know how, by several other natives. Their father was already in California, at work among the golden sands, all ready with a comfortable home prepared, in a pretty mountain village, for his family.

Tommy kept his eyes open during that journey, and saw some fine sights, as well as some things that were not so pleasant. But what I was going to tell about him was, that, after he had been in his new home a few weeks, he found there were some bad boys in the village, — boys whose fathers were miners, absent from their families much of the time; some, too, whose fathers and mothers, though always near, did not restrain them. These boys used bad language when they were on the village playground. In his old home at the East, Tommy would have kept entirely away from such associates; but here it was difficult to do so. There were not boys enough to set aside all the bad talking ones, and yet have sufficient to have a good game at ball or a wild high-spy race over the

grounds. So Tommy thought it all over, and finally made up his mind what to do.

On one side of the playground was a long reach of rail-fence. At the first appearance of a quarrel, before the bad language had proceeded far, Tommy would make a plunge for this fence, and, mounting one of the highest rails, sit and sing and whistle, and make noises through his clasped hands held closely over his mouth, until he could see the difficulty had all cleared away, when he would get down and go to play again. Sometimes it happened he would have to wait so long, that he would get thoroughly tired; and, after finding it was of no use to wait longer, he would get down quietly over the other side and go home.

By and by the boys began to notice these movements of Tommy's, and, by observing particularly, they found out what was the occasion of them. Of course, some of them ridiculed, and called names. But Tommy didn't mind. He only whistled and sang the merrier, and was so thoroughly good-natured, that it was no satisfaction for anybody to get offended with him. But he persisted in the course he had commenced.

Tommy wasn't the only boy who didn't like bad language. There were others who never used it themselves, and who didn't like to hear it, but who hadn't independence enough to be the first one to discourage it; and who hadn't thought, indeed, of any way they could discourage it. But, after it came to be well known what made Tommy sit on the fence so much when there were nice games going, some others began to think whether they, too, hadn't better show that they didn't like bad talk. So one and another commenced to follow his example, until at last there was scarcely a game played but that quite a string of boys were perched upon the fence, whistling and singing, before the play was done.

It came to be a serious matter, after a time; for nobody could tell who had won or who had lost the game, so many would leave before it was through. There had never been a word of reproof uttered; yet the boys all very well knew what this leaving the game and getting on the fence meant. And the result of it all was, *the bad talk had to be stopped*.

Without a single word being spoken upon the subject, the change was wrought quite decidedly. One after another left off the use of improper and offensive language, until at length whole games could be accomplished with all the boys on the ground.

Some of those boys are men now; but I suspect there is not one of them but remembers, with the kindest feelings of respect, Tommy and his silent reproof.

H. N. M.

For the Child at Home.

**SOMETHING ABOUT JOSEPH.**

One day, the teacher of a Bible class gave the following questions to her scholars: —

"Who was first a beloved son, then a slave, then a servant, then steward of an officer's household, then a prisoner unjustly accused, then a keeper of prisoners, then lord of the land, second only to the king, and, finally, benefactor of a whole kingdom and its adjacent countries?"

Some answered, "David;" some, "Daniel;" and some, "Joseph."

The teacher then said she had written the questions, a copy for each; and she desired her pupils to take them home, and study them for their next lesson. Also she wished those who had time would write the history in their own words.

Next Sunday, every one brought the answer that Joseph was the subject of the lesson; for he alone had been placed in those seven different positions. They all said they had learned a good many things which they did not know before, or had overlooked; and this showed them the importance of *searching* the Scriptures.



# THE CHILD AT HOME

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

VOL. X.

OCTOBER, 1869.

NO. 10.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.



WELL DONE!

"THERE! the children must see that," I said, as I fastened my eyes on the picture, and kept them on it, till I felt as if I wanted to pat each one of the sweltering sheep, and ask them where they came from, and how long they'd been on the road, and how they came to have such a hard master to drive them almost to death in the terrible heat. And then who wouldn't want to throw his arms right around that dear good man who is watering the sheep in such a funny way?

You shall have the whole story from the one who saw the sight. He says,—

"On a sultry day last mid-summer, as I was walk-

ing near the great Islington cattle-market, I saw a flock of sheep which had been put into an inclosure after a long journey along dry and dusty roads. They were exhausted and footsore from over-driving, and seemed half dead with heat and fatigue. They lay panting upon the ground, their tongues lolling out of their mouths from thirst. What to do to help them I could not tell. A cabman who was watering his horse at a trough a little way off came up, and making a cup of his hat, filled it with sparkling water at the pump, and brought it to the poor creatures. They seemed to look up to him with grateful eyes, though they could not speak their thanks. I could not help saying to the man, that Christ,

who will reward a cup of cold water given to the least of his disciples, would not despise this act of kindness to his humbler creatures. 'Ah, sir!' he replied, 'Christ has done a deal more for me: it's very little I can do for him. I pray him to help me to do that little.' You don't wonder that I wanted to have you see the picture. But it was too large to send you; and so the artists drew another just like it, only smaller, and carefully cut, cut, cut the lines, and gave the block to the printers, and now you may see and enjoy the picture, and learn a lesson of kindness to all God's creatures.

## For the Child at Home. THE STARS.

When little Georgie was about three years old, as his mother was leading him home in the evening, from a visit to a friend, he saw the stars for the first time. He looked at them a long time in wonder and admiration; then turned to his mother, and said,—

"Boys in blue, mamma, a great ways off."

He had seen from the window the torchlight processions, so common before the election of Grant and Colfax, and he supposed the same thing was going on in the skies; that the stars were the torches, and that the great distance prevented him from seeing those who carried them. I suppose that the youngest child who reads this paper will laugh at little Georgie's mistake, and feel quite pleased at his own superior wisdom; but what would you say if I tell you that grown people, a great many years ago, entertained an idea of the stars quite as absurd as that of Georgie? They believed, that, when a little baby was born, those who were skilled in this matter could tell, by looking at the position of the stars, what would happen to it in the future; whether its life would be happy and prosperous, or unfortunate and miserable. Men spent years in studying this science of telling fortunes by the stars; but we who take the Bible for our teacher know that they have no power to convey this knowledge of the future; that they speak only of the glory of God, and show his handiwork.

The heathen nations in old times believed the stars to be gods, and worshiped them; and even God's chosen people, the Israelites, whom he had blessed so much in bringing them out of Egypt, feeding them in the wilderness, and taking care of them by day and by night, forgot all his goodness, and left the commandments of the Lord their God, and worshiped all the host of heaven, just as the heathen did. I think you will agree with me, in admitting that Georgie's idea of the stars was quite as reasonable as that of these grown people whom I have mentioned.

Have you ever felt (as I recollect I did when I was quite young) that you would like yourself to

have something of the glorious beauty of these stars? The way is pointed out in the Bible, where we are told that they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever. Do not think, because you are a little child, that you can not be of this number, but remember that even those who are quite young can do much for Jesus. You can, perhaps, induce some poor child to go to the Sabbath school, where it will learn the way of righteousness, or influence some of your young companions to love the blessed Saviour. Above all, you can cultivate every lovely Christian grace to such a degree, that your shining example shall point others the way to heaven.

M.

For the Child at Home.  
DROPPING PEARLS.

The mothers of India tell their children a story which is something like this:—

Once there were two beautiful princesses who had such a cruel step-mother that they made up their minds to run away from her. They escaped from the house in the night, and walked till they thought they had gone too far for any one to find them, and then they lay down on the ground to sleep. The next day, as they were wandering about, they came upon a wonderful palace. It was built by a Rakshas. A Rakshas is a very dreadful kind of man, who eats up everybody he can find. At the time that the princesses found the palace, the Rakshas was away with his wife, and not a soul was at home; so they went in, washed themselves, and rested. By and by the old Rakshas came plodding back with his wife, and when the princesses saw what sort of people they were, they were terribly frightened, and ran and hid on the top of the house. Pretty soon the Rakshas and his wife, being thirsty after their walk, went to the well to drink. One of the sisters, peeping over the edge of the roof to see what was going on, found that they were both leaning over the well to reach their cups in for water. So she slipped down stairs, caught the heel of the Rakshas in one hand and the heel of the wife in the other, and tipped them both headlong into the well. Then she dropped the cover down, and so the beautiful princesses were safe, and had the palace all to themselves. Here they lived very happily. The younger one went out every morning to watch the sheep, while the older one staid at home to prepare the meals.

One day, a prince from a neighboring place was hunting in the woods, and called at the palace to get some milk. He fell in love with the older princess, who brought it to him, and told his men to take and put her into his carriage, and he would carry her home to be his wife. She thought he was certainly going to kill her, and she cried and begged to be left where she was; but the prince spoke kindly to her, and comforted her by telling her of his beautiful palace. As she went along, the thought of her sister gave her great distress. She said to herself, "Oh, my dear sister! I shall never see her again. What shall I do? What shall I do? She will never know where to find me!" She had several strings of pearls round her neck, and all at once she thought, "I will take these pearls, one by one, and tie them up in a piece of my mantle, and drop them as I go along; perhaps my sister will notice them, and will follow me to the place where they are taking me." So all through the long, long journey, she kept dropping these pearls tied up in little pieces of her blue mantle. The prince took her to his wonderful palace, and made her his wife, and she was very happy.

But when the poor sister came back at night with her sheep, she was much frightened to find the house lonely and desolate. She cried and called; but the other princess was not to be found, and early the next morning she started to seek for her.

Before going far, she spied upon the ground something which looked like a piece of her sister's mantle. She picked it up, and, sure enough, it was a piece of the mantle, and a beautiful pearl inside of it. She knew the pearl, and it made her eyes sparkle with joy. As she walked on, she soon found another; and then she said to herself, "Surely, my sister must have gone this way, and, if I follow on, I may find her." She traveled day and night, through dark woods, where the lions lived, through the mud and over the briers, wherever the pearls led her; and every time she found one, it made her heart more light and glad. At length she picked up the last one at the gate of the beautiful palace, where she found her sister; and never were two sisters more glad to see each other. They made two strings of the pearls, and each wore one round her neck, and felt that there was nothing in the world half so precious as those wonderful pearls.

Wouldn't it be nice to be a princess, to wear strings of pearls, to be carried off by some fine prince, and then have our brothers or our sisters trace us to his beautiful palace by means of the pearls we had dropped?

But such things never do happen out of Fairy-Land: so I suppose we must be content to live on in the common way, in plain houses, wearing out our old dresses, and doing as every lady around us does. No Rakshas, no princes, no palaces.

But something like this story is going on every day in each child's life. Perhaps you have some brother or sister who is one, two, or three years younger than yourself. If you have, then old Prince Time has carried you quite a long journey ahead of them, and they will never overtake you till they get to the beautiful palace. But they will surely follow you, so you must not forget to drop the pearls for them. Perhaps you will say, "Why, I never owned a string of pearls in my life!" But don't you know that loving smiles, kind words, and gentle ways, are the most beautiful pearls in the world? I do not believe that there is an oyster in the sea but would blush, should you hold your pearls down by the side of his to compare them. And only think what strings and strings of them you have!—enough to last you through the longest journey that the prince can take you. If the princess had neglected to drop her pearls, I think the poor sister would have lost her way in the woods, and they never would have lived together in the beautiful palace. You must not neglect yours. You must drop them in the dark places, where every thing seems to go wrong, and in the hard places, where the little ones get into trouble, and in the dangerous places, where the bad-tempered lions growl. Then, as the others come along, they will say, "This is the way my older sister went; here are her pearls; yes, this must be the right way, and lead to the beautiful palace."

And what a wonderful palace heaven will be! Its gates are made of pearl, and there we shall walk with our dear friends beside the beautiful river, and rest ourselves under the shade of the Tree of Life. I don't know whether or not kind words, loving smiles, and gentle ways, will turn to real pearls in heaven; but, if they do, I am sure we shall love to string them, and put them around each other's necks, and think how they led us to the beautiful palace of the Prince of peace.

Lettie Ray.

For the Child at Home.  
WHAT I SEE FROM MY WINDOW.

BY ROSE WINN.

As I sit by my window, looking out into the cherry-tree by the door, I can see half a score of birds flying to and fro from the tree to the window, and the window to the ground.

The largest of these is the jay, with its deep blue plumage, white breast, and tufted head.

It swings, head downward, on the scraps of meat

and ears of corn suspended from the tree, and darts almost fiercely at its food; uttering its sharp, peculiar cry.

Then there is the woodpecker, streaked and spotted, black and white, with a bright red crest, running up the tree like a cat, then running down again backwards.

Here comes the tiny snowbird, perching on the window-sill to pick up the crumbs scattered for it; not frightened even when my face is pressed close to the glass, but only turning its little head to glance at me from its bright eyes.

The little russet-brown sparrow hops contentedly about, generally on the ground, picking up the scraps of bread and meat, without a care or thought of to-morrow's breakfast.

Each one of these little creatures, in its own peculiar way, is carrying out the design for which God created it; performing just the part for which he adapted it.

Suppose the gentle snowbird, with its pretty, graceful ways, should try to imitate the strong, bold jay, should ruffle up its little crest, and try to swallow the big grains of corn whole, crying harshly, "Jay, jay!"

Or suppose the sparrow should imagine itself a woodpecker, and go bobbing up the trees backwards, knocking at the rough bark with its slender little bill.

It would look strangely, wouldn't it?

Now, it is every bit as absurd for girls and boys to try to imitate the manners or habits of some one else.

For instance, there goes Charlie Williams. See him strut along with his hands in his pockets, his cap on one side, and a bit of stick for a cigar.

He is trying to imitate the big boys he admires so much; and a laughable little piece of absurdity he makes of himself.

Then there is Minnie Eliss: she minces her words and affects to lisp, in imitation of Miss Jennings, whom everybody likes in spite of her unfortunate defect of speech; but Minnie thinks she is admired because of it: so she mimics her, and talks like a little parrot.

God has a particular plan for each one of us; and, when we try to follow another plan, we spoil his design, and appear awkward and unnatural.

There is but one pattern which we can all follow: that pattern is Jesus Christ.



For the Child at Home.

## THE PEACOCK-BOOK.

BY UNA LOCKE.

Walking backward with careless child-feet, little Irwin, five years old, met with a sore mishap. The tea-kettle sat upon the hearth, saucily turning up its spout of a nose, and breathing steam through it, and over it he stumbled. Oh! then and there was hurrying to and fro.

"Agnes, run for Aunt Huldy. Patty, run to the cellar for some potatoes. Yes, it is too bad: we'll scrape the potatoes as fast as we can, and the poultice will make you feel better. Poor little boy!"



So said his mother in her soothing voice, which of itself was a medicine.

"Yes," said Patty cheerfully, "Aunt Huldy will be here with her gallipot of ointment pretty soon, and she'll cure you right up."

Aunt Huldy was the doctress of the neighborhood where Irwin lived, and of every other neighborhood in a wide circuit of miles. She was supposed to be skillful in roots and herbs, beers and syrups, salves and lotions. She was of Scotch-Irish descent, erect and dignified, energetic and resolute; with a will of her own, and a tongue it were not safe to try to gainsay. She was a woman's-rights woman of the last century. The manner in which she would drive to an inclosure a stormy bull, broken from pasture, was wonderful to see. The terrified children, going to school, fled before it like a routed army; every little boy helping his sister or cousin over the wall. But when Aunt Huldy appeared, caring no more for the monster's frightful tossings, and pawings of earth, or its terrific bellowings, than she would for the fluttering and cooing of a pigeon, the danger and alarm was all over. With what supreme indifference, and with what dignified bearing, she walked behind him, wielding some sort of a *baton*! And the stormy bull meekly acknowledged her authority, and walked decorously into the barnyard.

I have heard, too, how she gave a sound thrashing to a mean wretch who was found to be about to run away and forsake his sick wife; thereby making her



a terror to evil-doers! But a kind soul she was; and her tall figure, with the white hair streaming from her cap, was greeted joyfully by many a poor body weary of suffering.

So Aunt Huldy came, with her "gallipot of ointment," and soon put the little fellow, with his scalds nicely dressed, into a cozy bed made in his mother's room. Happily, too, his father was going to the county town that very day, and promised to buy him a picture-book. That would be wonderful. He had never owned any book except *Cock Robin*. In the year 1800, the fine arts had not attained to great perfection in this country; still, there were some reprints of English toy-books at Hartford and Boston, *adorned* with the ugliest of woodcuts.

"I am to have a picture-book all to myself, mammy! I wish I had asked father to buy one with a peacock in it, — a peacock with its tail spread!"

"He won't be likely to do that," said the mother, cautious about raising false expectations.

Irwin lay, the long hours, thinking of that wonderful book. If it had not a peacock, it might contain a lion, or an elephant, or a whale. Then he was cheered by his pleasant mother's voice, and by Patty's fun. Patty was almost a young lady now, and very helpful. She loved the baby brother dearly; and came so near devouring him, when he was an infant, that she used to take his little dimpled fist and all his arm into her mouth at once: which, I am thinking, must have been one reason her mouth was so very large and peculiar in her elderly days.

The hours wore away, and the welcome sound of horse's feet was heard trotting into the yard.

"Here is your book, Irwin."

How the black eyes shone; and how eagerly the little hand was stretched out!

I hold it in my hand now, a little, worn, torn, carefully-mended book, a woodcut on every page of the coarse, thick blue paper. Everywhere is the



old-fashioned *s*, easily mistaken for an *f*. It is evidently an English reprint, but was "printed by John Babcock, Hartford, 1800;" and is entitled "The Silver Penny; or, New Lottery-Book for Children. By J. Horner, Esq., Fellow of the Royal Society of A. B. C."

The little boy opened the book in the middle, and right there was a peacock, with its tail all spread!

This was the verse beneath the peacock: —

"How would the PEACOCK be admired  
(Like fops) in various colors drest,  
But that through every shade, we see  
That pride which men of sense detest."

Irwin turned the elegant book, on every page of which was a picture, and found, at suitable intervals from the peacock, a lion, an elephant, and a whale; this last, a likeness of the very fish that enthralled Jonah.

The heavenly Father was better to this little boy than even his very indulgent earthly father. Probably no book could have been found, which would have pleased him more than this. And God permitted him to have just what he liked best. Why

should we not believe this? Does he not love to see his children happy? and does not Christ teach us that nothing is too small for the Father to concern himself about? It is only because what we want would not be best for us that he denies us *any thing* we desire.

So the dear little boy was comforted, and with kind nursing soon recovered; and his descendants still treasure the peacock-book, and learn this lesson from it.

For the Child at Home.

#### TWO YEARS OLD TO-DAY.

Two years old is little Lewie:  
O'er his life a shade has come;  
For the form of the death-angel  
Shadows his once happy home;  
And no fondly loving mother  
Watches now his childish play,  
For she left him when the angels  
Came and beckoned her away.

She has passed beyond the shadows;  
And while joyful songs arise  
From the shining band of angels  
That attends her to the skies,  
We can hear her sweet voice pleading,  
In the pauses of their song,  
That her boy and all her dear ones  
Soon may join the ransomed throng.

We shall tell thee oft, dear Lewie,  
Of thy mother dear that's gone;  
How she tenderly watched o'er thee;  
Soothed thee oft with gentle song:  
But you can not know the measure  
Of that sainted mother's love  
Till she clasps you to her bosom  
In the blessed home above.

M. W. H.

For the Child at Home.

#### TWICE COMFORTED.

Hattie and Dora were sisters. Hattie was eight, Dora was four years old. Both were pretty. But Hattie's prettiness was of the spirit, while Dora's was made up more of white skin, red cheeks, cherry lips, and regular features.

Hattie was not envious — never but once. Some ladies, passing while they were at play in the yard, one day, stopped to look at them.

"What a darling pretty child!" said one, thoughtlessly, reaching over the fence to hand Dora a bunch of grapes she had in her hands. Then they passed along, without minding that they had left a thorn in one little heart.

Dora took the praise and the grapes as though she had a right to them. But, oh! what a conflict came up in Hattie's young heart! She loved, almost adored, her little sister. She knew she was pretty, and no one took more pride in the thought than she. But to have it spoken of in that way, when she was standing close beside her, was saying, almost too distinctly, that *she* wasn't pretty.

Now this darling Hattie was trying to be a Christian; had been trying for many months to be Christ-like, pure in thought; and she knew she ought not to feel vexed at such a thing as this. But she did feel vexed, nevertheless. "They might have given her the grapes, and not said that," she thought, "or they might have just spoken to me a little."

She tried to put away the unpleasant thought, and play again with her little sister. But it would keep coming up, and hindering the liveliness that Dora always depended upon in her, in their plays. Finally, the little girl said petulantly, "You don't play nice; I'm doin' in."

Hattie was glad of this; for she wanted to go away alone by herself. She did go away alone for half an hour. Then she went to her mother's room, where she found Dora asleep in her little crib, and her mother sitting by her with her work.

She went softly up to the little sleeper, and, bending over, kissed the white forehead. Then, turning with a bright, happy, cheerful face she said, "Mam-

## A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Music from the "SHAWM."

*Slow and soft.*

1. Our Saviour, now in heaven a - bove, But once a child like me, Look down upon me in thy love, And make me like to thee.

2. Oh, make me ho - ly as thou wert, When thou on earth didst live; Oh, take away my wicked heart, A bet-ter na-ture give.

3. I would be like thee if I could, But thou must teach me how; O blessed Saviour! make me good, In mercy hear me now.

ma, I am so glad Dora is pretty! I love her so much!"

The mother, not knowing of the struggle and victory through which her child had passed, drew her to her, whispering fondly, while she left a kiss upon the sweet face, "Mother's darling daughter!"

And so Hattie was twice comforted. H. N. M.

## AUNT CORA'S LETTERS TO THE LITTLE ONES.

No. I.

Would you like to hear me tell you about my little Lily? It is nearly four years since she went home to heaven; and I think I hear her little voice now, repeating that hymn she used to love so well about the "land of blessing and brightness above." She knows all about it now. She used to love to *read* about that land when here upon earth, and have her mother *tell* her about heaven, where God dwells; but now she knows more than her mother could ever tell her about it. So, my dear children, you see, however young, you may go home to heaven before your parents; and you should learn to love God now, not think you will wait till you grow up; for, like little Lily, you may go first. You must know I was very sorrowful to part with my little Lily, and shed many tears; but, then, she loved Jesus, and it makes me happy to think over all she used to say about him, and I would love to tell you many of those pleasant things. It makes me happy, too, to think that she will be with Jesus, waiting for her dear mamma, till God calls me to that

"Happy land, far, far away,  
Where saints in glory dwell,  
Bright, bright as day."

You will ask, perhaps, how I know that she loved Jesus. Well, because she loved to hear about him. She loved to talk about him, to sing about him, and read about him, and, above all, to pray to him, "that he would take her sins away." You remember the Sabbath-school hymn,

"Happy day, happy day,  
When Christ shall wash my sins away."

And so, I believe, he washed this little girl's sins away. One afternoon, when Lily was left alone with her grandma, and it began to grow too dark to play, and she had grown tired, she jumped up on the sofa, beside her grandma, and threw herself down, and said, "Now, grandma, let's talk together." And her grandma said, "Well, what shall we talk about?" She quietly replied, "Talk about Jesus." — "Why," said her grandma, "do you know him? did you ever see him?" — "Oh, no, but I love him." was her earnest reply. "Blessed are they which have *not* seen, and yet believe," the Bible says; and so little Lily was blessed.

For the Child at Home.

## ADRIANA.

"And nobody will laugh at me, nobody will plague me, and nobody will call me names there?"

"Nobody, Adriana."

"Then I shall be so glad and happy!"



## A PARABLE.

Some one is getting a severe rebuke. His master is terribly in earnest. See how he bends forward, and frowns, and points his finger! What is the master? The poor man bending before him, and dumb with shame and grief, is his servant. He has been guilty of ingratitude and of cruelty. His fellow-servants have told of his wickedness, and he has been sent for to be punished. But, before he is punished, he must have his wrong-doing set before him. His conscience must sting him with pain; for he has been a thankless and cruel man. His master had done him a great favor, and then, instead of doing kindness to others in the same way, he was made proud and hard-hearted. It was too bad. I will not tell you all about him; for I would rather have you read it in that dear book which you have. You will find the account in the eighteenth chapter of Matthew, from the twenty-third to the thirty-fifth verse.

"But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."

For the Child at Home,  
TALK BETWEEN THREE AND THRESCORE.

Allie. Please tell me, grandma, *why* God would not let them stay in that beautiful garden.

Grandma. Did I not tell you they disobeyed God? They did what he told them not to do.

Allie. O grandma! couldn't they *ever* go back to see the beautiful flowers that God had made for them? He made them for them.

G. No: they could not.

Allie. *Why* didn't they mind God? Oh! why didn't they? I should think they would *love* to mind *in such a nice place*.

G. When Herbert wanted you to go on the ice with him, did you tell him "No, I can't: I *must* mind mamma"?

Allie. Oh! he urged me *so* hard! he *teased* me; he told me I wouldn't fall, no danger, not a bit. But I *did* fall, and I did hurt my head, you know, grandma. But there was nobody to tease them, and ask *them* not to mind God; was there?

G. Yes, there was.

Allie. Why, grandma, who was it? Was it a little boy like Herbert? or was it a big man like my pa? He wasn't a good man like pa, I know. Who was it, grandma? What was his name?

G. He has a great many names: one of them is Liar. "He was a liar from the beginning." Another of his names is "Deceiver;" he is the *Arch Deceiver*; that is, a great deceiver. Does my little boy know what that means?

Allie. Oh, yes, grandma! You told me it was to say one thing, and mean another. If that isn't mean, I don't know what is.

G. Now, you know, Allie, who it was that did this wrong. But his lying and deceiving does not stop there. He helped Herbert to induce you to disobey your kind mother; and any boy or girl or man or woman who will listen to him, our great, yes, our greatest enemy, will find a hard master to serve; he will be a very slave to one of the most cruel of masters, and soon he will love darkness more than light, and wickedness more than to do right.

## ONE HUNDRED FOR TWO DOLLARS.

A large number of Sabbath schools have embraced our offer of back numbers of "The Child at Home" in colors, at the rate of *one hundred for two dollars*. Copies can still be supplied at that rate. This gives a fine opportunity for teachers to procure rewards for punctual attendance, good lessons, &c.

## MY SAVIOUR.

I am not skilled to understand  
What God hath willed, what God hath planned:  
I only know at his right hand  
Stands one who is my Saviour.

I take God at his word and deed,  
"Christ died to save me," — this I read;  
And in my heart I find a need  
Of him to be my Saviour.

## THE CHILD AT HOME

Is published monthly by  
The American Tract Society, 164 Tremont Street, Boston.

## TERMS.—ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

FOR THE PLAIN EDITION.

Single copies, per annum, to one address.....	\$0 80
Six	1 00
Fifty	7 50
One hundred	12 00

FOR THE COLORED EDITION.

Less than ten copies, at the rate of fifty cents per annum.	
Ten copies or over, at the rate of forty cents per annum.	
The postage, which, for packages to one address not weighing over four ounces, is three cents per quarter, — large packages in the same ratio, — is to be paid at the <i>office of delivery</i> .	
Articles intended for insertion in this paper may be addressed to the "EDITOR OF THE CHILD AT HOME," 164 Tremont Street, Boston.	
Orders for the paper should be addressed to JAMES WATSON, 164 Tremont Street, Boston. Remittances should be made by draft, Post-office order, or registered letter.	

# THE CHILD AT HOME

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

VOL. X.

NOVEMBER, 1869.

NO. 11.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.



For the Child at Home.

In the cold winters of Norway and Sweden, a custom is observed of having not only a Thanksgiving Day, but a whole week or fortnight of feast and festival. It commences at Christmas; and every family except the very poorest is expected to have a table bountifully spread with good things, to which all friends and neighbors are invited to partake at any hour of the day or evening. Even the animals and fowls share in the good things with the family; and, if you will look at the distant group in the picture, you will see that the birds are not forgotten. The good farmer fastens a small sheaf of oats or barley to a long pole, which he and his little son are pushing deep into a snow-drift; and there it stands, a monument of kindness, and a feasting-place to the little

wee snow-birds that flutter around his farm-yard. If you should go to Sweden at Christmas, you would see many such poles and sheaves of grain in the farm-yards.

Perhaps some of the good boys and girls who live in the country can feed the birds in the same way with the little Swedes when cold winds and snows of winter come, and thus give American birds a thanksgiving. The good things of this life are made doubly pleasant when we share them with others more helpless than ourselves.

Did you never see how God spreads a table for the birds when winter comes, and the ground where the birds usually feed is all covered with snow? He causes the weeds and tall grasses, with their ripened seeds, to project above the drifts; and flocks of

tiny birds will be seen every bright day clinging to the twigs, pecking away at the seeds, which they strip of their husk, with great skill.

"They sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them."

Christ loved the birds and flowers; and, if we become like him, we shall love the birds also, and, when we see them fluttering about our homes, be reminded of God's care for us and them. Then, when you enjoy the good things of Thanksgiving, remember the birds, and the lesson the "Birds' Thanksgiving" teaches.

Have you ever read these beautiful verses by Mary Lundie Duncan, entitled

#### THE SNOW-SHOWER?

"See, mamma! the crumbs are flying  
Fast and thickly through the air:  
On the branches they are lying,  
On the walks, and everywhere.  
Oh, how glad the birds will be  
When so many crumbs they see!"

"No, my little girl; 'tis snowing:  
Nothing for the birds is here.  
Very cold the air is growing:  
'Tis the winter of the year.  
Frost will nip the robins' food:  
'Twill no more be sweet and good."

"See the clouds the skies that cover!  
'Tis from them the snow-flakes fall,  
Whitening hills and fields all over,  
Hanging from the fir-trees tall.  
Were it warm, 'twould rain; but, lo!  
Frost has changed the rain to snow."

"If the robins food are needing,  
Oh! I hope to me they'll come:  
I should like to see them feeding  
On the window of my room.  
I'll divide with them my store:  
Much I wish I could do more."

For the Child at Home.

#### THE LITTLE CROSSING-SWEEPER OF LONDON.

I dare say many of you have listened to wonderful tales about the great city of London. You have no doubt heard of its splendid palaces, its beautiful parks, its network of streets, and of the immense amount of wealth treasured up in it, until you have been led to fancy almost that this mighty city must be a sort of paradise.

I am sorry to say, children, that this is not the case. Notwithstanding all its greatness and power, there is within it a vast amount of wickedness and poverty. In order to make this more plain to you, and to try to make you little folks very grateful for the blessings you enjoy, I am going to tell you a story of a little crossing-sweeper girl who lived in this big city a few years ago.

On a Sunday night, late in September, a gentleman was hurrying along to church. It was a cold, wet, and dreary night; and, as he wrapped his coat more tightly around him, he thought, "How will God's poor do this night in London?" Thus musing, he walked along. All at once, he heard a sound of

singing borne along upon the wind. He stopped and listened to feel sure: yes, there was somebody singing in the street. He had not proceeded again far when he espied a little heap of something under a lamp-post; and, upon going up to it, found that here the singing came from, and from no other than a little maiden crossing-sweeper. She was sitting on the cold stones, without boots or stockings, bonnet or shawl, to protect her against the cold blasts of that wintry night. In spite of all this, she seemed to be happy; and the little hymn she was singing is one, I am sure, you children know and love; viz., "There is a happy land, far, far away."

The gentleman, quite surprised, asked her how she came to know that hymn. "Sir," she replied, looking up at him with her pale, wan face, "a good lady in T. Sunday School taught it me." The gentleman then said, "Do you regularly attend that Sunday school?" — "Oh, no!" she answered, sobbing: "father says he will beat me if I go there again." "But," she continued, "I know this hymn about heaven; and I am going there very soon now. Oh, I shall be so happy there! — no father to beat me there!"

The gentleman was so touched by her forlorn condition, that he asked her if she would take him to her home, and he would ask her father to let her go again to school. "No, no, no!" she cried: "he would beat me so after you are gone!" Seeing that the request only pained her, he made her promise that she would meet him the following Sunday night under the same lamp-post. Then he left her; when she again began to sing in the most plaintive tones, "There is a happy land, far, far away."

Upon his returning from church, he again passed the lamp-post under which he had left her singing; but she had left. Continuing his walk, some little farther on he espied her lying on a doorstep, fast asleep, with her little broom by her side. He did not disturb her; but he thought, as he looked upon her sleeping so peacefully, "Here is a tiny creature, outwardly as miserable as she can well be, yet inwardly enjoying dreams of heaven." All the following week, his thoughts were about meeting the little crossing-sweeper again. Well, Sunday came round in its turn; and that night he repaired once more to the lamp-post; only to be disappointed, however; for the little maiden did not appear. After waiting about for some time, he went home with the determination to make further inquiries concerning his little friend. But, alas! nothing more did he ever hear of her. Most probably she had died. If so, there is no doubt that she is now in heaven, singing with the angels of God that "new song" that we read of in the Bible.

Now my dear children, whenever you feel cross and peevish because you can not obtain all the good things you want, whenever you are inclined to think lightly of the privileges you enjoy, I want you to think of the little crossing-sweeper of London. If you do so, I am sure you will feel very grateful to God for giving you kind parents to love you, and a Sunday school to teach you the way to heaven.

ST. JOHN, N.B.

A. T. R.

For the Child at Home,  
HONEY-POTS.

BY ROSE WINN.

Not such as your mother keeps in the pantry, full of delicious golden honey, — no, a very different kind from that.

In some parts of the country, there are found spots of ground formed of tenacious blue clay, kept moist by the soaking of an underground spring.

These are called *honey-pots*.

A person walking rapidly over the surface will not sink, because the sun has dried the top into a sort of crust, which is strong enough to bear him up if he does not stay long in one place.

But, if he stops a minute, down he goes; the more violently he struggles, the softer becomes the bog around him, and he sinks the faster, till, if no one comes to his assistance, he is smothered in the thick mud.

Now, those *honey-pots* seem to me like temptations. If, when you are tempted to help yourself to mother's cake, or go and play with Jimmy Jones when your father has told you to stay at home, you hurry from the temptation just as you would hasten over the *honey-pot*, you are safe. And it is just the same when some of these bigger boys are tempted to smoke a cigar, or drink a glass of wine.

Steer wide of them, boys; they are *honey-pots*. If you stop to parley, and say, "What harm can there be in a little wine?" or "The fellows will all laugh at me if I don't smoke;" take care there, you are sinking!

Every time you give way to temptation, the harder it will be to resist the next time; and you will sink lower and lower in the mire of wickedness, till, if you do not ask Jesus, with your whole heart, to lift your feet from the miry clay, and wash you in his precious blood, you will be for ever lost.



For the Child at Home.  
BEAUTIFUL LIGHTS.

No. IX.

"You have often heard of Bede, an English scholar and devoted Christian, have you not, Edith?"

"Is he the one called the Venerable Bede?"

"Yes. This name was given him soon after his death. He was born in England, in the village of Yarrow, in 673; and was only sixty-two years old when he died."

"I supposed, from his being called Venerable, he was a very aged man," said Edith.

"He was held in great reverence by all who knew him, for his piety and zeal, and for his love of the Bible, and his earnest efforts to give it to his fellow-men. At the age of seven years he was sent to be educated in a monastery, where he studied for twelve years, and where he afterward taught many years, until his death in 735. He has been called 'The Teacher of England.' He was a most devoted Bible student; and it was his great delight to teach others the precious word of God."

"He was ordained a deacon at the age of seventeen, and at thirty years of age he was made a priest. He wrote many works of great value, among which was the church history of the English nation. His last work, on which he was engaged until the

close of his life, was the translation of the Gospel of John into the language of the Anglo-Saxons. He continued to teach, and also to translate, dictating what should be written, to the very last hour of his life. His disease was consumption, which he had brought on by too close study.

"On the day before his death, he said to one of his pupils, 'Make haste to learn. I know not how long I shall remain with you, and whether my Creator may not soon take me to himself.'

"On the last day of his life, having summoned the priests of the convent, and begged them each to read and pray with him, he said, 'It is time, if it so please my Maker, that I should return back to Him who created me from nothing. I have lived long: the time of my dissolution approaches. I long to depart, and to be with Christ; for my soul earnestly desires to see my king, Christ, in his beauty.'

"At evening, after he had been dictating some time, one of his scholars said, 'You have but one more sentence to write.' — 'Write it quickly, then,' said he; and when the writer said to him, 'The sentence is now finished,' he replied, 'Yes; thou hast spoken rightly: it is finished. Take my head in thy hands; for it is a great joy to me to sit facing the consecrated spots where I have been wont to pray, in order that I may quietly call upon my Father.'

"Supported by his scholar, he sang the doxology, 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost,' and peacefully expired."

"What a beautiful death!" said Edith.

"One of the most beautiful on record. But to every true Christian, even though a little child, Jesus can give such peace as this when he is calling them to him; and, though many may not die with the words of praise upon their quivering lips, it will be but a moment after the last silent breathing-out of life before the freed spirit shall take up an immortal song in the presence of 'Him who hath loved us, and given himself for us.' If we live the life of the righteous, our last end will be like his." J. P. B.

For the Child at Home.

#### WRITTEN DOWN.

"Bother take the old cows! I wish they would dry up, every one of them! Nothing to do but eat grass, and have a good time; and I have to toil away, and milk them, four of them too. I think father is too bad to make me!"

This was the way Johnny talked to himself as he went out to the barn, and in a pretty loud voice, too. But he soon forgot his displeasure at having to milk the cows, thinking of the trade he was going to make with Aaron Smith, and wondering how the boy got on in the book of adventures he was reading; and so he went in with his pails of milk, as good-natured and happy as he ought to have been when he carried them out. His good mother took the pails from him; and he washed his hands, and sat down eagerly to his book.

"My son."

Johnny looked up.

"I wish you would take down the slate from the chimney-piece," said his father, "and, before you read your book, read to me what is written there."

Johnny obeyed.

"Bother take the old cows!" — why, father!"

"Read on, my son."

Johnny was forced to do so, though he did it with much blushing, and a deal of hesitation.

"How do you think that sounds, my boy?"

Johnny did not answer; but he held down his head, and looked very sober.

"I suppose you are sorry you spoke aloud, or else that I was behind the wood-pile, and heard you. But if you had only thought it, your heavenly Father, who loves you a great deal better than I can, would have heard your thought, and he would have

written it down in his book. So you would better ask him to forgive you, and wash it out."

Johnny is now a man of business in Boston, and a very good man, too. Not long ago, he told me this little story, and I thought it a good one for the Johnnys who read "The Child at Home."

Una Locke.



For the Child at Home.

NEVER BE PROUD.

An ant was busily engaged in piling up the walls to its house, skillfully balancing the bits of dirt, when it was accosted by a spider.

"Good-morning!" said the spider. "This is a fine day; too pleasant to work."

"Yes," replied the ant: "I thought it promised fair, or I should not have undertaken so much."

"I finished my web yesterday," said the spider. "You can see it among the flowers and leaves of that syringa-bush. It is woven to the finest of thread, then skillfully fashioned into a fairy pattern. Only this morning," continued the spider, complacently surveying its work, "a lady and gentleman paused to admire it, and called it perfect. I do not see how you can be content to live down in the dirt, and to even build your house of it."

"There are many advantages about my home," replied the ant, "which, perhaps, you have overlooked. I have built it under shelter of this large leaf, and trust it will serve as a protection from many evils. And, even were not this the case, it is better for me to be contented with the way which God has given me to care for myself."

"Oh! it all does very well for you," retorted the spider, as it walked over the top of the leaf, so as not to touch the dirt; "but for me it would be quite another thing."

The ant continued her labor, quite undisturbed by the proud spider, and finished it all by night; for which it was very thankful, as the next day was a stormy one.

The rain came in large drops, and finally congealed into hail, which came pelting down, and tore the spider's web all in pieces.

The poor spider was in a sad condition, and obliged to run hither and thither to escape being pelted to death.

Finally it found refuge under a large leaf, and stopped to rest.

It was the same leaf under which the ant had built its house; and presently it came up to see the state of the weather.

Touched by the forlorn condition of the spider, the ant soon returned, and asked the spider to go down with it where it was dry.

Ere long, the spider became quite comfortable; and the ant placed before it a large crumb which it had with considerable difficulty laid by for a rainy day.

But, turning to the kind ant, the spider said, "I can not taste this food until I have obtained your forgiveness for the foolish remarks I made to you the other day. I will never again undervalue any thing that God has made, lest I be forced to acknowledge its superior excellence, as well as the foolishness of my own boastful pride."

"Amen!" responded the good ant.

Egeria Stowe.

For the Child at Home,

WHICH IS THE BEST WAY?

I will tell you about five boys whom I once knew, who were all earning money for missionary purposes, but all with different motives.

Edgar worked diligently, weeding gardens, saving time from play, in order to have more for work; for he was very eager to carry his offering each month to the Sunday-school Missionary Society. He hoped, at the end of the year, to have a large sum—perhaps the largest of all in the school— appended to his name. His motive was *ambition*, or, more properly, *ostentation*.

Roger did not seem very eager in his work; but his parents told him he must earn the money himself, or it would not be his gift. He often wished, when he had received money, that he could spend it for himself, but was ashamed to go to Sunday school without any offering, when all the rest brought something: so he always carried his amount regularly. His motive was *appearance*.

Norman worked diligently, like Edgar, but with a different motive. He cared but little, if any, for the mission cause; but his mother, who was not a religious woman, wished him to do as much as the rest: so she paid him for all his efforts by purchasing a new toy, or giving him some other gratification. So Norman worked for *reward*.

John's mother was a warm friend to the mission cause, and loved to talk with him about it. Moreover, she had some near friends who were engaged as missionaries in a foreign field; and through them she received much intelligence which was interesting to her boy. So John contributed his share regularly to the missionary-box, earning the money himself; his motive being to *please his mother*, whom he dearly loved.

"Well, this is good," you will say,—"better than all the rest; surely nobody could do better."

Yes, this is a good motive, I admit,—far better than Edgar's or Roger's or Norman's. Neither love of display, nor appearance, nor hope of reward, influenced him. He acted from love to his mother. Very good: still it might be better. Perhaps you will think so too after I have told you about Edward.

Once Edward had no higher motive than some of these boys of whom I have spoken. He gave his money because it was expected of him, or to please his teacher, whom he loved. But after a time, as he read of the great love of Jesus in being willing to suffer and die upon the cross that we might be saved, his heart was touched. He could not recall one thing that he had ever done from *love* to that dear Friend who gave up all for him. So he gave his heart to his Saviour; and now he tries to do his little part in the great work which Christ intrusted to his disciples as his last request.

One thing which affected him was some remarks of his teacher on the words, "Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother and my sister and mother" (Mark iii. 25). His teacher inquired, "Would you love to be regarded by Christ as a younger *brother*, then go and work for him with a loving heart."

So Edward now works from *love to Christ*.

M. P. H.

For the Child at Home.

AUNT CORA'S LETTERS TO THE LITTLE ONES.

No. II.

I told you in my last, dear children, that Lily loved to talk about Jesus. She also loved to read about him in that holy word which God has given us. It is the only book where we can learn all about the blessed Saviour. In that book, little Lily loved to read the Bible-stories where it told about those good men whom the wicked king cast into the fiery furnace; and the fire did not consume nor burn them, because One walked with them there who had power to keep the flames from harming them,—even Jesus, the Son of God. And so, dear children, he can walk unseen by your side, and keep you from all harm. Little Lily, one day, drew up her chair beside an old gentleman (who was visiting her father's house) who did not love the Bible nor believe in Jesus, and said to him, "Would you not love to have me read you about Jesus?" and then she began to read out of her little red-covered Sabbath-school book about the cruel Jews who put him to death on the cross. The old gentleman grew uneasy, and soon took his cane, and went off for a walk; for he didn't like to hear all the dear little girl was reading. She would read to her *playmates*. I have seen her sometimes sitting on the doorstep with a favorite little playmate who lived next door, showing her pictures of Jesus, and telling her all she had read about him. She used to take the Bible, and go out into the kitchen sometimes, and read to the old servant when her mamma was away, so eager was she to get some one to listen to her. She would sit in her own little rocking-chair in the bay-window often-times alone, and read in that blessed book rather than in some of her bright-colored picture-books. She always kept a *mark* in her Bible, so that she could tell where to find the place every morning as her father read aloud at the family altar, and there beside him, seated on her little ottoman, would follow every verse as he read. At school, her teacher said she was always the one who could tell the verse where they left off the morning before. Now, what do you suppose she found in this word of God that interested her so much? You must all look into it, dear children, and see.

In my next, I will tell you some things little Lily found in it.



For the Child at Home.

BEHIND THE WALL.

Fred lived alone with his mother. Like many another poor fatherless boy, he had to keep his eyes

Words selected.\*

## SING HIS PRAISE.

Music by MR. CHARLES HOLDEN.

1. Would you be as an-gels are? Sing, sing His praise. Would you ban-ish every care? Sing, sing His praise.

2. In the church and in the street, Sing, sing His praise. If a Christian you do meet, Sing, sing His praise.

Like the lark up on the wing, Like the warbling bird of spring, Like the crystal spheres that ring, Sing, sing His praise.

In the house, and by the way, At your work, by night or day, Like the el-e-ments, alway Sing, sing His praise.

3. If the world upon you frown, Sing, sing His praise. Let not sorrow cast you down; Sing, sing His praise. If sad trials come to you, As to every one they do, They are meant for blessings too. Sing, sing His praise.

4. For His wondrous dying love, Sing, sing His praise; That He intercedes above, Sing, sing His praise. Thus, whene'er you come to die, You shall soar beyond the sky, And with angel-choirs on high Sing, sing His praise.

\* From "Hymns for Mothers and Children." Published by the American Tract Society.

open to keep other boys off him. Coarse, quarrelsome boys like to play their pranks upon unprotected ones, and often upon those much less in size than themselves.

Fred was quite successful, usually, in keeping out of difficulties; yet he had some narrow escapes. Jumping and skipping, singing and whistling, he was on his way to do an errand one day, when he came suddenly upon his friend Charlie, sitting down upon the sunny side of a stone wall, whittling.

Charlie had never tried to quarrel with him: so when he patted on the ground beside him, winking knowingly, Fred sat down without hesitation.

When they had talked about what Charlie was making, and where Fred was going, Charlie asked carelessly, "Say, Fred, how do you like Walter A—?"

Now, Walter A— was a burly boy, nearly twice Fred's size, who had repeatedly tried to draw him into trouble. Fred did not, of course, like him at all; and sitting there in the pleasant sunshine with Charlie, whom he had regarded as his friend, he very much wanted to free his mind upon this subject of Walter A—.

He began, "I don't"— But here a look upon Charlie's face, that he did not like, caught his attention; and, at the same moment, a Bible-lesson he had learned—"Avoid evil speaking"— came to his mind, and saved him,— saved him from a quarrel in which he would probably have come out much the worse for bad usage. He commenced his sentence again, and finished it: "I don't know that I've any thing to say against him."

Charlie varied his question, repeating it in substance several times. But, at each repetition, Fred's suspicions grew stronger; until, fearing there was a trap for him somewhere, he jumped up, and ran along about his business.

He had the curiosity to look back, however; which he did in time to see Walter climbing over the bars close to the place where he and Charlie had been sitting.

Fred concluded his Bible-lessons were worth following.

H. N. M.

We can never be too careful  
What the seed our hands shall sow:  
Love from love is sure to ripen,  
Hate from hate is sure to grow.

## "THE CHILD-AT-HOME" SAVINGS BANK.

A boy in Kansas writes,—

"I am interested in your "Child-at-Home" Savings Bank. I have been trying to earn a little money, and have succeeded in raising two dollars, which I now send to you, to be deposited in your Savings Bank. I am but a little boy; and my father is a home-missionary, and has not much money to give me to spend. Therefore I earn my own. I want to become a life-member of the Tract Society; and I hope to be able to raise the money from year to year till I become one."



## THE DARK.

Where do the little chickens run  
When they are afraid?  
Out of the light, out of the sun,  
Into the dark, into the shade,  
Under their downy mother's wing,  
No longer afraid of any thing.

Dear little girl, dear little boy,  
Afraid of the dark!  
Bid your good-by to the daylight with joy,  
Be glad of the night, for, hark!  
The darkness no danger at all can bring,  
It is the shadow of God's kind wing.

Where do the little violets creep  
In the time of snow?  
Into the dark, to rest and sleep,  
And to wait for the spring they go,—  
Under the ground where no storm can reach,  
And God takes tenderest care of each.

Are you afraid, little girl or boy,  
Of the dark of death?  
Jesus will carry you, full of joy,  
To the world of light he saith;  
And under the ground, where the violets sleep  
Your little body the Lord will keep.

Sabbath at Home.

## NELLIE'S LETTER.

"Well, what's the news to-night?" said Mrs. Hale as her husband came in from his usual errand to the post-office.

"I have not heard any," was his reply; "but I saw Bill Evarts, and he'd been drinking again."

"I'm sorry; for I thought he had reformed when he was in the army," said Mrs. Hale.

"He tried very hard then, and did not drink for several months; then he joined the Good Templars, and did pretty well. He has been sober for a long time now, though he works with a hard, rough set of fishermen."

"How did he commence drinking again?"

"An accident proved the temptation. He drank a glass of water from a tumbler that had had whisky in it; and this excited all his appetite again, and he has drank every day since."

"We can pray for him," said Mr. Hale; and that night, at prayers, a fervent petition was offered that God would make his grace sufficient for this tempted one.

Little Nellie had heard this conversation while she was putting away her paper-dolls, and she looked very thoughtful as she kissed her papa and mamma good-night. "Please, dear God, help Bill Evarts to stop drinking, for Jesus' sake," she added to her usual prayer. After she was in bed, Nellie kept wondering if she could help him; but she could not think of any way. At last, a bright thought struck her: "I'll write him a letter to-morrow," she said aloud; and she turned over, and went to sleep.

The next day was Saturday: and Nellie was in her room so much of the morning, that her mother was afraid she was in mischief; for several times her ambition for her doll's wardrobe had made her forget that she must not cut her papers anywhere but in the nursery. So her mother was surprised to find her writing. "To whom are you writing, my dear?" she asked.

"O ma! I felt so sorry for that poor Bill Evarts, and I wanted to tell him so. Can't I send him this letter?"

Her mother read the letter; and we will look over her shoulder, and read too:—

DEAR MR. BILL EVARTS,—I don't know you; but I love you because you try so hard not to get drunk. I am real sorry for you too. I know how hard it is to be good when I want to be naughty. One day, I felt so wicked, that I thought I couldn't ever be good again: I thought it was no use to try. Then my mamma said that Jesus felt sorriest for me when I was so wicked, and that he would help me to be better if I asked him; and then I tried real hard. So won't you please ask Jesus to help you, and try real hard too? I know he will help you; for he helped me when I asked him. NELLIE.

Nellie sent the letter; and we hope, that, the next time Bill Evarts is tempted to get drunk, he will remember to "ask Jesus to help him, and try a little harder."

E. S.

## THE CHILD AT HOME

Is published monthly by

The American Tract Society, 164 Tremont Street, Boston.

## TERMS.—ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

FOR THE PLAIN EDITION.	
Single copies, per annum, to one address.....	\$0 30
Eight " " "	1 00
Forty " " "	5 00
One hundred copies per annum, "	12 50

FOR THE COLORED EDITION.	
Single copies, per annum, to one address.....	\$0 50
Ten " " "	4 00
Twenty-five copies, per annum, to one address.....	7 50

The postage, which, for packages to one address not weighing over four ounces, is three cents per quarter,—large packages in the same ratio,—is to be paid at the office of delivery.

Articles intended for insertion in this paper may be addressed to the "EDITOR OF THE CHILD AT HOME," 164 Tremont Street, Boston.

Orders for the paper should be addressed to JAMES WATSON, 164 Tremont Street, Boston. Remittances should be made by draft, Post-office order, or registered letter.

Rand, Avery, &amp; Frye, Printers, 3 Cornhill, Boston.

# THE CHILD AT HOME

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

VOL. X.

DECEMBER, 1869.

NO. 12.

PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON.



## THE STORY OF SANTA CLAUS.

OUR young readers have not forgotten their friend in Germany, Helene Rüppel, who writes to them once in a while of the good things in that country. This time she gives you the beautiful legend of Santa Claus, or Saint Nikolaus; and you will be glad to know what a good story of kindness and piety is at the bottom of all the Christmas fun and frolic about queer old Santa Claus. This is the legend, as it is told to the little children of Germany:—

"Nikolaus was a heathen young man, who lived in Myra, in Asia Minor, in the beginning of the fourth century. His parents wished him to study the law; but he, hearing the gospel of Jesus of Nazareth, not only became a Christian, but also resolved to be a minister, to bring the glad tidings to those who sat in the darkness and shadow of death.

"He soon was elected bishop of the little Christian community in Myra, and was his Master's faithful servant. Now, it happened that one of his relatives died, who left him a large fortune. But Nikolaus became not proud of being a rich man now: he

simply put his wealth in Christ's service too. He tried to spend his money in such a way, that the poor people whom he befriended might be led to Jesus.

"Once he heard of a man, who, being very poor, had taken the cruel resolution to sell his eldest daughter as a slave, that he might pay his debts. During the night, Nikolaus silently approached the house, and dropped a purse filled with gold through the open window. The next morning, the poor man, finding the gold, could pay his debts without selling his daughter.

"But he was soon in distress again, and was heard to say that he was willing to sell his second daughter. Again Nikolaus came to his help in the same way; but now the poor man, thinking that one of his gods always came to rescue him, and wishing to try him, soon afterwards declared that he was obliged to sell his third daughter. For the third time, good Nikolaus came. Dressed in a long white cloak, on his white horse, he noiselessly approached the house; but the poor man was hidden behind the

bushes of the garden. When he saw the white, ghost-like apparition, he was so bewildered, that he sprang forward, fell on his knees, and exclaimed, 'Whosoever thou art, God or man, I am unworthy of thy kindness.' Nikolaus now earnestly spoke to him of his sin and wretchedness, and of the Saviour who came to seek and bless all those who were lost. Well could Nikolaus speak to that man of Christ's love for sinners, having shown so much love himself. The man was converted and baptized by Nikolaus with his three daughters.

"Many are the stories the Roman Church relates thus of the kindness and generosity of Nikolaus, who afterwards was canonized. In Catholic countries, Santa Claus comes to visit the pious children in the first days of December, dressed in white, on a white horse; and generally drops his presents through open windows or doors."

## WILL GOD ANSWER?

Alice's mamma used to read to her a story every night, the last thing before "go-to-bed time." One evening, it was about the good angels which

God sends to take care of his little children all through the bright days when they are running, walking, and playing, and all through the dark nights, while they are asleep, and while papa and mamma are asleep, and there is no one awake in the house to keep harm from coming to them.

After the story was finished, mamma undressed Alice, put on her "nighty," and then kneeled down with her while she said her prayers. Alice went through those which she said every night, and then finished with this little one: "O God! won't you please send the good angels to take care of me tonight? Amen." She had hardly stopped speaking, when she sprang up and looked around the room, asking, "Have they come?" Her mother did not take much notice of the question, but helped her jump into bed; and giving a tuck to the bed-clothes, and a kiss to the rosy little lips which just peeped out above them, she turned to leave the room, when Alice asked again, "Haven't they come?" Her mother did not wish to tell her no, and was too busy to go back and talk to her about it: so, without giv-

ing her a very direct answer, she passed into the next room. She was scarcely seated, when Alice called again, "Mamma, have they come?" — "I do not see any thing of them, dear," said her mother. "Can't you see a wing?" called the child impatiently.

Poor little Alice! I have no doubt that God did answer her prayer, and send the beautiful angels to watch over her that night, and keep her from harm: but she thought they would come and stand beside her bed with their shining wings, and that she could look up into their faces; and, just because her prayer was not answered in the very way she had planned it in her own little mind, she thought God did not hear it.

God often answers our prayers in the way he did Alice's. He loves to give us what we ask for; but he can not always send it in the way we ask for it. I know a little boy who asked God to help him overcome his bad and hasty temper. He seemed to think that God would come and take it away, and give him a new one that was patient and gentle, just as I take his soiled jacket off and give him a clean one. But, instead of answering his prayer in that way, God sent him a great many little opportunities every day, in which he could govern his temper, and teach it to be better; and he also put it into the heart of his auntie to show him that beautiful promise in the Bible which says, "Yea, I will strengthen you; yea, I will help you:" and just as soon as Johnnie put these two things together, and used them, he found that God had answered his prayer. After we have prayed, we need to keep on the watch all the time: and often, when we think God has forgotten our prayers, we shall be surprised to find the answer waiting for us, only it did not come as we expected it; just as the angels did God's bidding, and watched over Alice when she thought he did not hear her prayer.

Lettie Ray.



For the Child at Home.

#### OUR LITTLE DOG.

You little boys and girls who hate to learn your lessons, and think them very hard, would scarcely believe how much can be taught a dumb beast; and if a creature that has so little intelligence, compared with a child, can be made to understand and learn, what excuse have you for throwing aside your books, and saying, "I can not get this lesson; it is too difficult?"

I must tell you what our "Mack" did the other day. He is a "black-and-tan terrier;" such a pretty, graceful fellow, with a slender body and legs, and a face that I love to look at.

He was left in care of the baby while mamma was taking luncheon. He likes that task very much, and will not let anybody touch her while he is in charge. And I have never known him to leave the room before the other day, when I came up from the basement, and found him sitting upon the topmost stair of the second flight, just in sight of baby's room door, — evidently uneasy about something. The moment I appeared, he attracted my notice, and ran before me into the apartment; when he leaped upon the table by the wall, and, standing on his hind-legs, pointed with one of his fore-paws at the canary, that had escaped from its cage and perched upon a picture-frame. He seemed to feel that the bird was not in its place, and that there was danger of its being lost, and that he was somehow responsible for its safety as well as for the baby's.

Dear little Mack! how pleased I was with him, as he gave such tender care to our pets, when I am afraid some little boys or girls might have been thoughtless or fretful or impatient to go to their play!

Remember, I am not putting this little dog's service in comparison with the loving, dutiful service of a child. Though I was very much pleased with Mack, I should be still better pleased with any boy or girl, who, from pure affection to mother, would give up play or pleasure in order to watch the little brother or sister.

If ever mamma leaves you in charge of any thing so dear and precious, and you are tempted to neglect it for your amusement elsewhere, recollect my faithful Mack, and do not let yourself be excelled in fidelity by a dog.

Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

#### BESSIE'S INQUIRY.

"Am I Jesus' little lamb?  
Can I hope to gain the fold?  
Will he be my shepherd kind,  
And my trembling steps uphold?"  
Bessie's heart was filled with fears,  
And her eyes were dim with tears.

"Do you love him, Bessie dear,  
And his gentle call obey?  
Do you follow where he leads,  
Howe'er dark and cold the way?  
Then you're Jesus' lamb indeed;  
In his pastures you shall feed."

"Yes, I love him, but I fear  
I have wandered far astray:  
Though I hear his loving voice,  
Yet I daily disobey:  
So how can I gain the fold?  
Must I perish in the cold?"

"Ah! his tender care, my child,  
Far exceeds all earthly love:  
He will ne'er forsake his lambs  
Struggling for the fold above:  
Though you stray, he'll search around  
Till the dear lost lamb is found."

"Blessed Shepherd, guide thy lamb  
Safely to the peaceful fold;  
Make me one of thy blest flock,  
Shelter'd safe from storm and cold."  
"O dear Saviour! hear her prayer,"  
Breathed the mother kneeling there.

Dewdrop.

For the Child at Home.

#### AFRAID OF GOD?

"O mamma, mamma! please don't go down and leave me in the dark!" cried out Frank, as his mother had tucked him up in bed, and was about to leave the room.

"Why, Frank!" said his mother, surprised at the unusual request and the frightened tone of the boy, "what's the matter?"

"I'm afraid of God, mamma," sobbed the child. The mother put down her lamp, and sat down on the side of the bed.

"Why are you afraid of God *to-night?*" she asked.

"Because I was so naughty, and he is angry with me, and I'm afraid I shall die." And he clung to his mother as if she could save him.

"What has my little boy been doing?" asked she.

"When Jimmie ran into my new cart, and broke the wheel, I was mad at him, and called him a — a fool," he sobbed; "and the Bible says it is wicked to get mad with Jimmie and call him a fool." And he cried as if his heart would break.

"It was very naughty," said his mother; "but we'll tell Jesus of it, and ask him to forgive you." And she knelt down, and told him all about it; and Frank joined in the prayer with his whole heart.

"Has he forgiven me, mamma?" Frank asked as she rose from her knees.

"Yes, my dear: whenever you are sorry for doing wrong, and ask God to forgive you, he *does* forgive you *that very minute*; and you should believe that he forgives you, and thank him for it."

"I do thank him," said Frank softly; "and I ain't afraid of God now."

E.S.



For the Child at Home.

#### LILLY'S CHRISTMAS-GIFT.

"O mamma, please look!"

Mrs. Wentworth laid down her pen, and turned to the little fairy on the hearth-rug.

It was a pretty picture. In the midst of a varied collection of toys and bright-colored picture-books sat four-year-old Lilly, clasping a doll as much like herself as possible, with its great blue eyes and soft golden curls.

She laughed gleefully, exclaiming, "Do look at dolly's eyes! I can shut them up, and have her go to sleep. Oh! I'll put her to bed every night. Won't it be nice?" And she hugged Miss Dolly frantically, much to the danger of her gossamer robes.

The mother smiled; then, looking tenderly on the bright, beautiful face of the little one, said, "Lilly, who gave you so many nice presents?"

"Mamma, papa, and Uncle Edward and Aunt Lucy," said Lilly; and, rising suddenly, she lifted up her sweet face and rosy lips for a kiss.

"When I went to the toy-shop yesterday," said the mother, taking up Lilly, dolly and all, to a seat in her lap, "I saw a little girl about as old as my Lilly; but she was a poor beggar-girl, with ragged clothes. Her little hands were blue with the cold; and she stood looking so longingly at the pretty toys, that mamma felt very sorry for her, and bought her some picture-books. Now, does Lilly know who it is gives her such a nice home, and dear friends to give her presents, while so many little girls are poor, and have no nice warm homes, and can not have any Christmas-presents?"

Lilly's face grew grave; and she said softly, "Is it Jesus, mamma?"

"Yes, dear: Jesus has given you a happy home, with papa and mamma to take care of you. He has

given them money to buy warm clothes, food to eat, and presents to make you happy. He takes care of you every day, and keeps you from sickness and death. Now, what will my little Lilly give to Jesus for a Christmas-gift?"

"Why, mamma," — and the blue eyes opened wide, — "Jesus wouldn't want any of my things. He wouldn't want dollies and picture-books and —"

"No, not these things; but Lilly has something which Jesus wants very much."

"O mamma! what is it?" And Lilly looked down at the big dolly.

"Jesus wants Lilly to give him her little heart. Sometimes it is a naughty heart; but he can make it good. He loves little children, and wants you to love him, and be his little child; and then, by and by, he will take you to live with him in his beautiful home."

Lilly sat very still; and in the twilight the mother sang softly the words of that sweet child-hymn: —

"Jesus dear, I come to thee:  
Thou hast said I may."

The Christmas-presents had been laid aside; and Lilly, holding up her little face for a good-night kiss, said slowly, "Mamma, I want to give Jesus a Christmas-gift. May I give it to him now?"

The dimpled hands were folded, and childish words gave to the loving Jesus the most precious gift in this wide world of ours, — a pure child-heart.

Loving tears fell on the sleeping face and golden curls that night, as the mother prayed the Good Shepherd to accept the child-consecration, and keep her ever pure from the world's sin and sorrow.

Lillian Pearl.



For the Child at Home.

THE DESERTER.

"Now, boys, let's have some fun." So said a large boy to a group of all sizes at the corner of the street.

"We're good for any thing you say, Tom," echoed one. "Any thing for fun. What is it, Tom?"

"Why, it is prayer-meeting night up at the brick church, and you know Ned Beals has taken to going lately. Goés to Sunday school as regular as an elder too. They say he's turned pious; but I believe it is all gammon."

"Ned turned pious?" cried Will Carr. "Tell me a blackbird's turned white."

"He's the blackest bird among us," sneered Walter Coombs.

"They say he hasn't sweared for a week," said Bob Patrick, uttering a horrid oath. "But what's the fun you promised, Tom? We're in for that."

"I'll tell you, boys," answered wicked Tom: "we'll hide behind the corner; and, when Ned Beals comes home from meeting, we'll down upon him, and take him prisoner. See how he'll stand it."

"Agreed!" cried one. "Agreed!" said others. "You're good for a scrape, Tom."

Soon the boys were in ambush; and as Ned came round the corner, singing very softly in his new joy, suddenly the mean fellows darted out from the darkness, and surrounded him. "Halt, parson! — surrender yourself!" they cried.

Ned stopped, of course. "Who is it? what do you want?" he asked.

"We want you. You are a deserter from our company," said John Means.

"Turned parson, eh? When are you going to preach?" laughed Bob Patrick.

"Say, Ned, you are a deserter," said Walter Coombs. "Come back to our rank, and all's right."

"O boys, don't talk so!" answered courageous Ned. "Do come to my company and my captain. I can't come to yours."

"Don't want any of your stuff," interrupted Tom. "Boys, he's a deserter, and must be tried and punished. Let's have a court."

Then the cruel, wicked boys went through a mock trial. While they were doing it, Ned prayed to Jesus to keep him from getting angry and doing any thing to grieve him. Once he tried to go home; but Tom pinched his arm till he could hardly keep from crying for pain. After a while, some one came along and liberated the prisoner. As he went home, a verse he had read kept running through his mind: "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

S. R. M.

For the Child at Home.

WILLIE'S RESOLVE.

Willie Howe is six years old. He is generally so sweet-tempered, so obedient, so attentive to his good mother's wishes, that I might have thought him freer from faults than he really is, if I had not found him one day in the garden-walk, with his face very red, his eyes flashing, and one stout little fist raised to strike faithful old Tiger for running against him so violently as to throw him down and hurt him a little. Seeing me, he forgot his anger that time, and was soon hugging Tiger, and rolling with him on the grass in a great frolic. But I dare say this was not the first nor the last time that Willie's face might have been seen red with anger, though generally so smiling and pleasant.

But I doubt whether his patience is ever quite so severely tried as during the ripening of the apples and pears in his mother's nice little orchard; for she is very careful that he shall not taste unripe fruit. Perhaps she is a little more careful than necessary about such things: but then it is not strange if she is; for Willie is all that is left her of four little boys, and his dear papa died in the army when Willie was only a baby. But Willie, like all little boys — and girls too, for that matter — that I ever knew, covets, almost more than any thing else in the world, the little green apples that grow and redder and fall — still unripe — from the trees for so many tedious weeks before they are fit for children to eat.

I was sitting with Willie's mother one afternoon, in the middle of August, when he came running from the orchard with his straw hat thrown back, and his "sweaty hair," to use his own expression, clinging to his moist forehead. "Dear mamma," called he outside the open window, and holding up an apple for her to see, — "dear mamma, this is certainly ripe! It is just as yellow! Do, mamma, let me eat it! I want it so much!"

When he had come in, and stood by her side, she said in her pleasant voice, "Give mother the apple, my son."

I am glad to be able to tell you that this time Willie neither cried nor pouted, nor went out of the room and slammed the door, as many a child that I have known would have done; but he did look sorely disappointed, and as if it would have been very easy to cry if he had chosen.

In a few minutes, Mrs. Howe rose, and went to the

large dining-room closet, and returned to her seat with a big, luscious-looking peach, with one cheek of purple and one of gold, in her hand. Willie was leaning on the window-sill, and looking out very gravely; when she said, "Will this do instead of the apple, Willie?"

"O you dear, good mamma! you always do think the nicest things!" cried he, throwing his arms around her neck, and giving her his "hardest" kiss. So his disappointment was forgotten.

When Willie's mother had gone out to get tea, I said, "Do you know, Willie, that our dear heavenly Father always treats us exactly like that when we ask him for things it would not be good for us to have?"

"Like what, aunty?"

"Just as your mother did you when you asked her for the green apple. He gives us something so much nicer than the thing we asked for, that, if we were only a little wiser, — wise enough to know what is good for us, — we should always want to thank him as lovingly as you did her."

"But does he do that way every time, aunty, — every single time?"

"Every time, certainly."

"Then," said he, with a grave little nod of emphasis, "I shall just ask him for every thing I want!"

And so I hope he will.

Aunt Callie.

For the Child at Home.

A DIAMOND OF THE FIRST WATER.

No costly jewels would I bring  
For Isabelle to wear,  
To glitter on her pearly throat,  
To sparkle in her hair.

Their worth on fickle fashions leans;  
They perish, — soon are gone:  
Ah! no such jewels would I wish  
My darling should adorn.

But one bright gem I fain would ask  
To crown her lovely youth, —  
A brilliant pure as heaven's own light, —  
The diamond of TRUTH.

That will not perish, or be lost;  
Its fashion changes never;  
But brighter and more precious grows,  
For ever and for ever.

H. E. B.



AN ODD-LOOKING SHIP.

When December comes round each year, I always think of the Pilgrims. I would as soon think of forgetting Christmas as Forefathers' Day; and you know they are only four days apart (Dec. 21 and Dec. 25). I do not mean that the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth was as great an event as the birth of our blessed Saviour in Bethlehem; but the particular day on which Jesus was born is not so certain as the day of the landing.

You remember the name of the ship in which they came, — "The May-Flower." This picture will show you how it looked. I can not say that it is exactly like it; for there were no photographs in 1620; and no pictures of the vessel have come down

## THE CHILD AT HOME.

For the Child at Home.

## CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Words by MRS. H. E. BROWN.

Music by REV. J. CHANDLER.

3.  
We gather this festival morning,  
Our Lord and our Saviour to seek;  
With flowers his temples adorning,  
With praises his goodness to speak.  
Far more than the shepherds or wise men,  
We long the dear Jesus to see;  
For he has said, "Suffer the children,  
The children, to come unto me."  
CHO. — Glory, glory, glory, &c.

4.  
Good news to the world was his coming,  
The world in the dark night of sin:  
His advent dispelled the grim shadows,  
And bade heaven's light enter in.  
And now through creation is ringing  
Glad tidings of pardon and peace:  
Then let us, the children, be singing  
The anthem that never shall cease.  
CHO. — Glory, glory, glory, &c.

to us, if indeed any were made: but we know how other vessels in those days looked, and we know how large "The May-Flower" was; and you will agree with me that our forefathers came over in a rather clumsy ship. Those high cabins came near being the ruin of it; for the terrible gales swept against the great hulk, and such wooden sails as those couldn't be

way. Day after day they drifted at the mercy of the wind, without knowing whither they were going. But God preserved them to do a mighty work here in New England. Let us praise him for it.

Now, if you want to see how they used to dress in Pilgrim-times, you can look at this other picture of a man and woman in the costume of 1620.

Uncle Ed.

## DIAMONDS FROM A COAL-PIT.

A little boy about nine years old, living in Bevier, Missouri, sends fifty cents for "The Child-at-Home" Savings Bank. He is the son of a poor widow, and earns his money by going into the coal-pit once in a while, and working half a day. May God bless him, and accept his offering for Christ's sake!

## CONTENTS OF VOLUME X., 1869.

A change of heart	18	Dropping pearls	38
A royal resting-place	33	Ella's reason	7
A sad sight	20	Flowers from the birth- place of Abraham	22
A scene among the flower	8	Flowers on the fence	14
About little Robbie	23	Freddie and Carlo	26
Adr ana	40	Giving and taking comfort	2
Afraid of God	43	Good resolutions	31
All clean	15	Happy Ida	5
Among the birds	29	He leadet' the blind	30
An odd-looking ship	47	Helping mother	15
Aunt Cora's letters	40	Honey-pots	15
Beautiful lights	10, 27, 34	"I will fight"	42
Behind the wall	43	Independence Hall	25
Charlie's struggle	30	Knocking at the door	1
"Child-at-Home" Savings Bank	12, 18	Legends of Solomon	2

furled. Many were the anxious days and nights spent on board. At one time, they held a consultation to see if it was best to try to keep on their

Letter from Berlin	19	The resurrection-plant	7
Lily's Christmas-gift	46	The sick sister	23
Lily's visit to the city	1	The stars	23
Little Aleck's prayer	3	The story of Santa Claus	37
Little Bessie white	20	The three smokers	45
Little Edith's prayer	14	The way that May and Alice made up	15
Little foes	11	The young pastor of the high A ps	7
Little Harry	6	Tiney, Speck and Brownie	18
Little May's prayers	23	Tommy on the fence	32
Loving in words	14	Twice comforted	35
Lucy's trial	17	Walter and Bertie	39
Mabel Thorpe's resolution	22	Well done	16
Mother and home	36	What for?	37
My mother's charm	10	What I see from my win- dow	9
Nellie's letter	43	Which is the best way?	38
Never be proud	43	White and black fairies	43
Our little dog	46	Will God answer	11
Out of tune	26	Willie's resolve	45
Picture-reading	8, 12, 36	Willie's talk about the stars	23
Planting corn	17	Written down	42
Poisoned fun	24		
Play beforehand	4		
Praying-machines	13		
Pulpit-illies	2		
Simeon the pillar saint	22		
Something about Joseph	35		
Something that happened about April 1	14		
Talk between three and three-score	40		
That certificate	7		
That little hand	15		
The ba ket-carriage	6		
The birds thanksgiving	41		
The burden-bearers	26		
The captive snow-bird	5		
The crossing-sweeper of London	41		
The deserter	47		
The first lesson	21		
The foolish little boy	33		
The hardened palm	30		
The heavenly color	84		
The hungry little birds	19		
The king of birds	27		
The last crumb	24		
The little missionary	32		
The peacock-book	38		
The prisoner's missionary	31		
The red peppers	3		

## POETRY.

A child's prayer	40
A diamond of the first water	47
All's well	8
At heaven's gate	12
Bessie's Inquiry	46
Beware	32
Christmas hymn	48
Christ's little soldiers	36
God is love	10
Hymn for the new year	4
Jesus the Christ	20
Joseph	18
Lily Bell	26
Little pilgrim's song	24
Myra's lament	15
Only Christ	16
Our fathers	28
Sing His praise	44
Sister May	6
The children	16
The dark	44
The prisoner's missionary	16
The red peppers	39

## "THE CHILD AT HOME" FOR 1870.

We have concluded to accede to the urgent requests of our friends, who have insisted that our paper ought to be furnished on the same terms as other papers of the same size; and parents and superintendents are asked to notice our prices as given below. We assure them that there will be *no reduction* in the effort to make the paper the best possible for children.

We have made a large reduction in the price of the *COLORED EDITION*, and we expect a large subscription in response. Those who wish to make a love of the beautiful means of salvation will not grudge the small amount paid for such a beautiful paper.

## THE CHRISTIAN BANNER AND TRACT JOURNAL

Is an admirable paper for Sunday reading, and just the thing to use in home evangelization. It is full of Bible truth. During the coming year, it will contain a "Bible column" for Sunday-school teachers. Price only thirty-five cents a year. Five copies to one address, one dollar. Forty copies, six dollars.

Published by the American Tract Society, 164 Tremont St.

## THE SABBATH AT HOME

Is an illustrated religious magazine for young people and the family. It is designed to bring to Christian families such reading as will give *new interest to the Bible, attract to the cross of Christ and to a high Christian life, enforce Christian morals, and show the hand of God in history, biography, and nature*. It helps parents, and contains cheerful words of wisdom for children. Rev. Dr. Cuyler says it is "lively without being frivolous, serious and spiritual without being dull."

Price two dollars a year. Six copies, ten dollars. Ten copies, fifteen dollars. Our list of premiums contains Smith's "Bible Dictionary," Lange's "Commentary," Cruden's "Concordance," "Life of St. Paul," Cabinet Organs, &c.

Premiums for one to two hundred subscribers; also a thirty-dollar Sabbath-school library of new books, just published, will be sent for thirty subscribers.

Send for a specimen-copy and list of premiums. Let an effort be made to introduce it into every town. Address, "Sabbath at Home," 164 Tremont Street, Boston.

## THE CHILD AT HOME

Is published monthly by The American Tract Society, 164 Tremont Street, Boston.

## TERMS.—ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

FOR THE PLAIN EDITION.

Single copies, per annum, to one address	\$0 80
Eight " " "	1 00
Forty " " "	5 00
One hundred copies per annum	12 00

FOR THE COLORED EDITION.

Single copies, per annum, to one address	\$0 60
Ten " " "	4 00
Twenty-five copies, per annum, to one address	7 50

The postage, which, for packages to one address not weighing over four ounces, is three cents per quarter, — large packages in the same ratio, — is to be paid at the office of delivery.

Articles intended for insertion in this paper may be addressed to the "EDITOR OF THE CHILD AT HOME," 164 Tremont Street, Boston. Orders for the paper should be addressed to JAMES WATSON, 164 Tremont Street, Boston. Remittances should be made by draft, Post-office order, or registered letter.

Rand, Avery & Frye, Printers, 3 Cornhill, Boston.

